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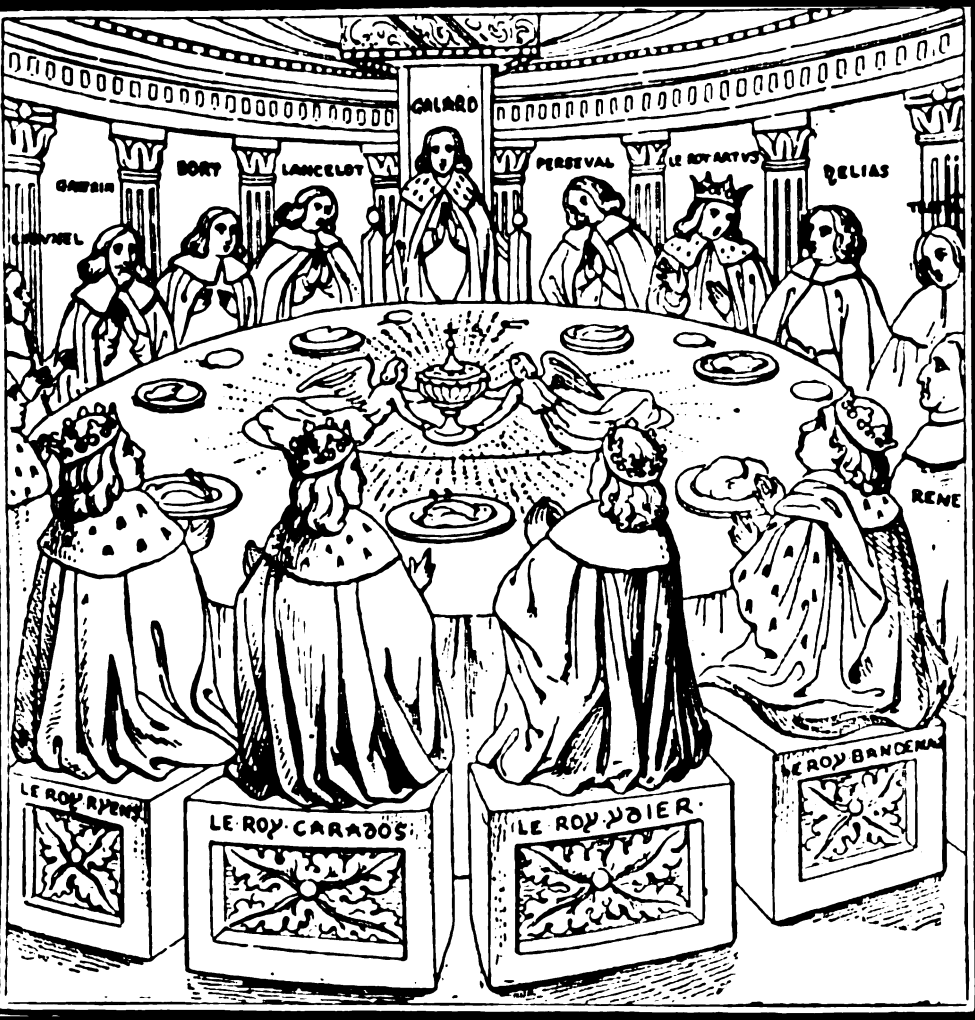

The works of Shakespeare

William Shakespeare, Israel Gollancz

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THE LARGER

TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

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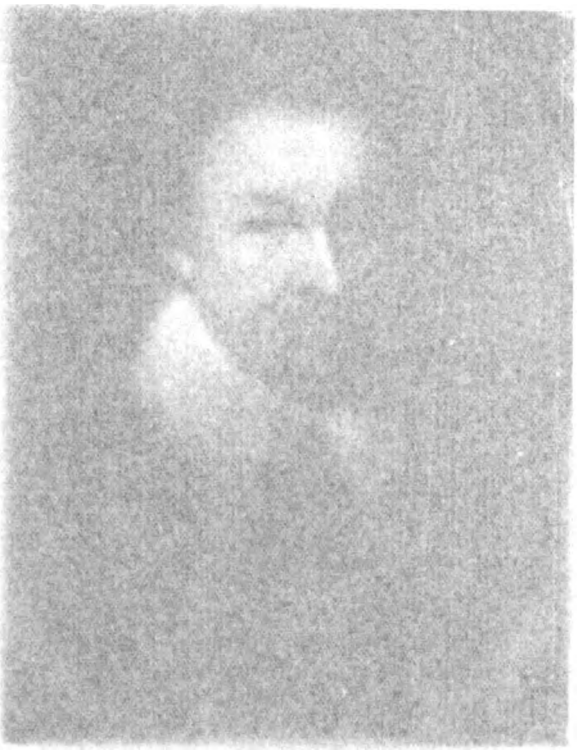

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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME SIX

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

KING HENRY V.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

LONDON
J. M. DENT & CO.
ALDINE HOUSE
29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
1899

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"He (Falstaff) is a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honour. This is a character which, though it may be decompounded, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever; it required the hand of Shakespeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part; alike the same incongruous, identical Falstaff, whether to the grave Chief-justice he vainly talks of his youth and offers to caper for a thousand, or cries to Mrs Doll, 'I am old! I am old!' although she is seated on his lap, and he is courting her for busses. . . . There is no such thing as totally demolishing Falstaff; he has so much of the invulnerable in his frame that no ridicule can destroy him; he is safe even in defeat, and seems to rise, like another Antæus, with recruited vigour at every fall."

MAURICE MORGANN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUMOUR, *the Presenter.*
KING HENRY *the Fourth.*
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Henry V.*,
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
} *his sons.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
EARL OF SURREY.
GOWER.
HARCOURT.
BLUNT.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
LORD MOWBRAY.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD BARDOLPH.
SIR JOHN COLVILLE.
TRAVERS and MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland.*
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH.
PISTOL.
POINS.
PETO
SHALLOW,
SILENCE,
} *country justices.*
DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, *recruits.*
FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.
A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

SCENE: *England.*

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St Olafe's
Church

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The Second Part of
King Henry IV.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize

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Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl

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That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.
[*Exit Porter.*
North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.
L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God will!
L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!
North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,

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That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way:
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

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North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give them such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:'
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

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Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire

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Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,

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Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:

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Yet did you say 'Go forth'; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?
L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods,
Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;

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Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. A street.

Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have moe diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson

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mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledom about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two

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and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John.

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Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time: and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

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Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters

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against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

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Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understand-

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ing; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

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Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

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Scene III.

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed

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It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts.
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;
Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—
Lives so in hope as in an early spring,
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frost will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:

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Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

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Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinite thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let

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him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

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Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.
Fang. A rescue! a rescue!
Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!
Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!
Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.
Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?
Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.
Ch. Just. For what sum?
Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.
Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.
Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to en-

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force a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause

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the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

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Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

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Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.

London. Another street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face tomorrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the mid-

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wives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou

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art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

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Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

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Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

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Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.
Prince. What company?
Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.
Prince. Sup any women with him?
Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.
Prince. What pagan may that be?
Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.
Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?
Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.
Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.
Bard. I have no tongue, sir.
Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.
Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.
Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.
Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?
Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.
Prince. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.
Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.
North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

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To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;

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And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master

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Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer*]—[*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

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Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches': for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

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Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t' other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit First Drawer.*

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Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-

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hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

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Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins!
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here.
What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give's some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

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Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?

[*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

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Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's

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as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joined-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

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Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. *Poins.* } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, art you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

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Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

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Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,

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I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

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Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!
Host. What 's the matter?
Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.
Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?

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Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,

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Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
[*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on,

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Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:

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And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, a Servant or two with them.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you,

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we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

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Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this country, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo': very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

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Shal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

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Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

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Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Shal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'ad ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next.

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let 's see Bullcalf.

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Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, Good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

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Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

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Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the

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motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper

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your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him;

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and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

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As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

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In his true, native and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,

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And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,

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And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

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The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

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Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In every ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;

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That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

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Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.
Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.
Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach

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In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

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Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.
Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.
Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.
Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.
Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*
Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,

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You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.
Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings.
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*
Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

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West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

Another part of the forest.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:

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Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her,

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believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile?

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,

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Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all except Falstaff.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits

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muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,

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We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:

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Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he 's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

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When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who 's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

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Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

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So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another chamber.

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

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Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

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Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit Warwick.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

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How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*

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Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.
King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!

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Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!

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Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.

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To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

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How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.
Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter Warwick, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy.

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

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Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you,

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Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page.*] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a

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fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Westminster. The palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He 's walked the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,

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That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. *Clar.* } Good morrow, cousin.
Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.
Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.
Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

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This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,

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The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in the very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I give bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,

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That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:

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And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing.*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

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Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [*Singing.*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

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Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right, [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is 't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

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Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest
men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of
Barson.

Pist. Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this
world.

Pist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Singing.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with
news from the court, I take it there's but two
ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them.
I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

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Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.
Shal. Under King Harry.
Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?
Shal. Harry the fourth.
Pist. A foutre for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.
Fal. What, is the old king dead? 120
Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.
Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.
Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.
Pist. What! I do bring good news.
Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am 130 fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice! Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! 140
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days! [*Exeunt.*

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Scene IV.

London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this, —you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

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Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.
Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.
Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!
Host. Thou atomy, thou!
Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.
First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.
Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.
First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.
Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.
Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.
Shal. It doth so.
Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—
Shal. It doth so.

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Fal. My devotion,—
Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—
Shal. It is best, certain.
Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.
Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.
Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.
Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.
Fal. I will deliver her.
[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*
Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!
Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!
Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

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King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.
Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?
Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt King, etc.*
Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

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Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, and the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet: Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

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Ch. Just. And so they are.
Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,

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will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

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Glossary.

A', he; (Quartos, "*a*"; Folios, "*hee*" or "*he*"); I. ii. 48.

Abated, "*reduced to lower temper*, or as the workmen call it, *let down*" (Johnson); I. i. 117.

Abide, undergo, meet the fortunes of; II. iii. 36.

Able, active; I. i. 43.

Abroach; "set a.," cause, ? set flowing; IV. ii. 14.

Accite, summon; V. ii. 141.

Accites, incites (Folios 3, 4, "*excites*"); II. ii. 64.

Accommodated, supplied (satirized as an affected word); (Quarto, "*accommodate*"); III. ii. 71.

Achitophel, Ahithopel, the counsellor of Absalom, cursed by David (Folio 2, "*Architophel*"); I. ii. 39.

Aconitum, aconite; IV. iv. 48.

Address'd, prepared; IV. iv. 5.

Advised, well aware; I. i. 172.

Affect, love; IV. v. 145.

Affections, inclinations; IV. iv. 65.

After, according to; V. ii. 129.

Against, before, in anticipation of; IV. ii. 81.

Agate, a figure cut in an agate stone and worn in a ring or as a seal; a symbol of smallness (Johnson's emendation of Folios, "*agot*"); I. ii. 19.

Aggravate, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *moderate*; II. iv. 170.

All, quite; IV. i. 156.

Allow, approve; IV. ii. 54.

Amurath, the name of the Turkish Sultans; Amurath III. died in 1596, leaving a son Amurath, who, on coming to the throne, invited his brothers to a feast, where he had them all strangled, in order to prevent any inconvenient disputes concerning the succession. This is probably the circumstance which is here referred to (the allusion helps to fix the date of the play); V. ii. 48.

An, if (Quarto, "*and*"; Folios, "*if*"); I. ii. 59.

Anatomize, lay open, show distinctly (Folio 4, "*anatomize*"; Quarto, "*anothomize*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Anathomize*"); Induct. 21.

Ancient, ensign; II. iv. 72.

Angel, with play upon angel, the gold coin, of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 177.

Anon, anon, Sir, the customary reply of the Drawers; II. iv. 296.

Antiquity, old age; I. ii. 299.

Appertinent, belonging; I. ii. 184.

Apple-johns, a particular kind of apple, which shrivelled by keeping; II. iv. 2.

Apprehensive, imaginative; IV. iii. 103.

Approve, prove; I. ii. 205.

Apter, more ready; I. i. 69.

Argument, subject; V. ii. 23.

Armed, with spurs (Quarto, "*armed*" Folios, "*able*"; Pope, "*agile*"); I. i. 44.

Assemblance, aggregate, *tout ensemble* (Pope, "*semblance*"; Capell, "*assemblage*"); III. ii. 272.

Assurance, surety; I. ii. 36.

At a word, in a word, briefly; III. ii. 313.

Atomy, Mrs Q.'s blunder for "*anatomy*," skeleton (Folios, "*Anatomy*"); V. iv. 33.

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Atonement, reconciliation; IV. i. 221.
Attach, arrest; IV. ii. 109.
Attached, seized; II. ii. 3.
Attend, await, waits for; I. i. 3.
Away with; "could a. w. me," *i.e.* could endure me; III. ii. 209.
Awful, inspiring awe; V. ii. 86.
Awful banks, bounds of respect, reverence (Warburton, "*lawful*"); IV. i. 176.

Back-sword man, fencer at single-sticks; III. ii. 69.
Balm, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. v. 115.
Band, bond (Folios, "*bond*"); I. ii. 37.
Barbary hen, a hen whose feathers are naturally ruffled; II. iv. 104.
Barson, corruption of Barston, in Warwickshire; V. iii. 90.
Bartholomew boar-pig, roast pig was one of the attractions of Bartholomew Fair; II. iv. 241.
Basingstoke, in Hampshire, about fifty miles from London (Quarto, "*Billingsgate*"); II. i. 177.
Basket hilt, the hilt of a sword with a covering of narrow plates of steel in the shape of a basket, and serving as a protection to the hand; II. iv. 136.
Bastardly, ? dastardly; II. i. 51.
Bate, contention; II. iv. 263.
Bate, remit; Epil. 16.
Battle, army; IV. i. 154.
Battle, battalion; III. ii. 163.
Bawl out, bawl out from (Quarto, "*bal out*"; Capell "*bawl out from*"); II. ii. 27.
Baying, driving to bay (a term of the chase); I. iii. 80.
Bear-herd, leader of a tame bear (Folio 4, "*bear-herd*"; Quarto, "*Berod*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Beare-heard*"; Folio 3, "*Bear-heard*"); I. ii. 182.
Bear in hand, flatter with false hopes, keep in expectation; I. ii. 40.
Beavers, movable fronts of helmets; IV. i. 120.
Beefs, oxen, (?) cattle (Folios, "*beeues*"); III. ii. 347.
Before, go before me; IV. i. 228.
Being you are, since you are (Gould conjectured "*seeing*"); II. i. 193.
Belike, I suppose; II. ii. 11.
Beseek, beseech; II. iv. 170.
Besonian, base fellow, beggar; V. iii. 113.
Bestow, behave; II. ii. 177.
Bestowed, spent; V. v. 12.
Big, pregnant; Induct. 13.
Biggen, "nightcap"; properly, a coarse headband or cap worn by the Béguines, an order of Flemish nuns; IV. v. 27.
Bleed, be bled; IV. i. 57.
Bloody, headstrong, intemperate; IV. i. 34.
Blubbered, blubbering, weeping; II. iv. 411.
Blue-bottle rogue; alluding to the blue uniform of the beadles; V. iv. 22.
Blunt, dull-witted; Induct. 18.
Bona-robas, handsome wenches; III. ii. 25.
Borne with, laden with; II. iv. 383.
Bounce, bang; III. ii. 299.
Brave, defy; II. iv. 224.
Brawn, mass of flesh; I. i. 19.
Break, am bankrupt; Epil. 13.
Breathe, let take breath, rest; I. i. 38.
Bruited, noised, rumoured abroad; I. i. 114.
Buckle, bow, bend (Bailey conjectured "*knuckle*"); I. i. 141.
Bung, sharper; II. iv. 133.
Burst, broke, cracked; III. ii. 341.
Busses, kisses; II. iv. 282.
But, except; V. iii. 89.
By, on, consequent upon; IV. v. 87.
By God's liggens, an oath, probably of the same force as "bodikins" (omitted in Folios); V iii. 65.
By the rood, by the holy cross, an asseveration; III. ii. 3.
By yea and nay, without doubt; III. ii. 10.

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Caliver, a very light musket; III. ii. 287.
Calm, qualm; II. iv. 38.
Came, became; II. iii. 57.
Canaries, canary wine (Folio 4, "*Canary*"); II. iv. 28.
Candle-mine, magazine of tallow; II. iv. 316.
Canker'd, polluted; IV. v. 72.
Cankers, canker-worms; II. ii. 102.
Cannibals, Hannibals; II. iv. 175.
Capable, susceptible; I. i. 172.
Carat, quality (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Charract*"; Folio 4. "*Carract*;" Quarto, "*Karrat*"); IV. v. 162.
Caraways, a kind of confection made with cumin seeds, "caraway seeds"; V. iii. 3.
Care, mind; I. ii. 134.
Cast, calculated; I. i. 166.
Cavaleros, cavaliers (Quarto, "*cabileros*"; Folios, "*Cauileroes*"); V. iii. 59.
Censer; "thin man in a censer"; probably a kind of cap like a censer; (some explain that censers were made of thin metal, and often had rudely hammered or embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid); V. iv. 20.
Chance; "how c.," how comes it; IV. iv. 20.
Channel, gutter (Pope, "*kennel*"); II. i. 48.
Chapt, worn, wrinkled (Quarto, Folios, "*chopt*"); III. ii. 289.
Charge; "in c.," *i.e.* "ready for the charge"; IV. i. 120.
Charge, pledge; II. iv. 126.
Cheater; "a tame ch., a low gamester; a cant term (Quarto, "*cheter*"; some eds. "*chetah*," a leopard); II. iv. 102.
Cheater, escheator, an officer of the exchequer; II. iv. 107.
Check, reproof; IV. iii. 32.
Checked, reproved; I. ii. 212.
Churlish, rude, rough; I. iii. 62.
Civil, well-ordered; IV. i. 42.
Clapped i' the clout, hit the white mark in the target without effort; III. ii. 50.
Close, make peace; II. iv. 344.
'*Cock and pie*,' a slight oath commonly used; *cock*, a corruption of *God*; *pie* (=Latin *pica*) was the old name of the Ordinate; V. i. 1.

From an old alehouse sign at Bewdley.

Coherence, agreement, accord; V. i. 69.
Cold, calm; V. ii. 98.
Coldest, most hopeless; V. ii. 31.
Colour, pretence; V. v. 87.
Colours; "fear no colours," fear no enemy, fear nothing; V. v. 89.
Colour, excuse; I. ii. 267.
Commandment, command; V. iii. 137.
Commit, commit to prison; V. ii. 83.
Commodity, profit; I. ii. 269.
Commotion, insurrection; IV. i. 36.
Companion, fellow, used contemptuously; II. iv. 128.
Complices, accomplices, allies; I. i. 163.
Condition, "official capacity"; IV. iii. 86.
Confirmities, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *infirmities*; II. iv. 61.
Confound, exhaust; IV. iv. 41.
Conger, sea-eel (Quarto, "*Cunger*"); II. iv. 56.
Consent, agreement; V. i. 75.
Consent, agree, decide (Collier MS. "*Consult*"); I. iii. 52.
Considerance, consideration; V. ii. 98.
Consigning to, confirming; V. ii. 143.
Consist upon, claim, stand upon (Rowe, "*insist*"); IV. i. 187.

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Contagious, pernicious; V. v. 34.
Continuantly, Mrs Quickly's blunder for *continually* (Quartos, "*continually*"); II. i. 26.
Conversations, habits; V. v. 101.
Cophetua; alluding to the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar* to be found in Percy's *Reliques* (Quarto, "*Cowetua*"; Folios, "*Couitha*"); V. iii. 102.
Corporate, Bullcalf's blunder for *corporal*; III. ii. 231.
Corpse, corpses (Folios 1, 2, "*Corpes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Corps*"; Dyce, "*corpse*"); I. i. 192.
Correctioner, one who inflicts punishment; V. iv. 23.
Cost; "part-created cost," partly erected costly building; (Vaughan conjectured "*part-erected castle*"; Herr conjectured "*part-erected, cast*"; Keightley, "*house*"); I. iii. 60.
Costermonger, commercial, petty dealing; (Quarto, "*costar - mongers times*"; Folios, 1, 2, "*Costermongers*"; Folios 3, 4, "*costermongers days*"); I. ii. 181.
Cotswold man, a man from the Cotswold Downs, celebrated for athletic games and rural sports of all kinds, hence an athlete (Quartos, "*Cotsole man*"; Folios, "*Cot-sal-man*"; Capell, "*Cotsall man*"); III. ii. 22.
Courtesy, curtsy (Folio 1, "*Curtsie,*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Curtesie*"; Quarto, "*cursie*"); Epil. 1.
Cover, lay the table; II. iv. 11.
Crack, "a pert little boy"; III. ii. 33.
Crafty-sick, feigning sickness; Induct. 37.
Crosses, coins stamped with a cross (used quibblingly); I. ii. 244.
Crudy, crude, raw; IV. iii. 102.
Current, genuine, with pun upon *sterling*; II. i. 128.
Curry with, curry favour with; V i. 79.
Cuttle, knife used by cut-purses, hence, cutpurse; II. iv. 135.
Day, day of battle, battle; I. i. 20.
Dear, earnest; IV. v. 141.
Debate, contest; IV. iv. 2.
Defensible, furnishing the means of defence (Folio 4, "*sensible*"); II. iii. 38.
Depart, leave; IV. v. 91.
Derives itself, descends; IV. v. 43.
Descension, descent, decline (Folios, "*declension*"); II. ii. 182.
Determined, put an end to, settled; IV. v. 82.
'*Devil's book*,' "alluding to the old belief that the Devil had a register of the persons who were subject to him"; II. ii. 49. (*Cp.* illustration in *Taming of Shrew*.)
Directly, in a direct manner, plainly; IV. ii. 52.
Discharge, disband, dismiss; IV. ii. 61.
Discolours; "d. the complexion of my greatness"=makes me blush; II ii. 5.
Discomfort, uneasiness (Capell conjectured "*discomfit*"); I. ii. 112.
Discoverers, scouts (Folios 3, 4, "*discoveries*"); IV. i. 3.
Distemper'd, disordered, out of health; III. i. 41.
Distracted, made mad; II. i. 112.
Dole, dealing, interchange; I. i. 169.
Doubt, fear, suspect; Epil. 7.
Draw, draw together, muster; I. iii. 109; withdraw; II. i. 157.
Drew, drew aside; I. i. 72.
Drollery, (probably) a humorous painting; II. i. 151.
Drooping, declining; Induct. 3.
Dub me knight, referring to the custom of the time, that he who drank a large potation on his knees to the health of his mistress, was said to be dubbed a knight, and retained the title for the evening; V. iii. 74.
Duer, more duly (Quarto, "*dewer*"; Pope, "*more duly*"); III. ii. 324.
Dull, soothing, drowsy; IV. v. 2.

Easy, easy to be borne; V. ii. 71.

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Ebon, black, dark; V. v. 37.
Effect, suitable manner; II. i. 138.
Element, sky; IV. iii. 55.
Endear'd, bound (Quarto, "*endeere*"); II. iii. 11.
Ending, dying; IV. v. 80.
Enforcement, application of force; I. i. 120.
Engaged, bound, tied; I. i. 180.
Engraffed to, firmly attached to; II. ii. 67.
Engrossed, piled up, amassed; IV. v. 71.
Engrossments, accumulations; IV. v. 80.
Enlarge, extend, widen; I. i. 204.
Ephesians, jolly companions (a cant term of the day); II. ii. 157.
Equal with, cope with; I. iii. 67.
Ever among, perhaps a corruption of *ever and anon*; V. iii. 22.
Exclamation, outcry against you; II. i. 84.
Exion, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *action* (Folios 3, 4, "*action*"); II. i. 30.
Extraordinarily, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *ordinarily*; II. iv. 25.

Face-royal, used equivocally for (i.) a royal face, and (ii.) the figure stamped upon "a royal," a coin of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 26.
Faitors, evil-doers (Quarto, "*fater*"; Folios, "*Fates*"); II. iv. 167.
Familiarity, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *familiar* (Folios, "*familiar*"); II. i. 104.
Fancies and good-nights, the common title of little poems; III. ii. 336.
Fantasy, imagination; V. ii. 13.
Fear, frighten; IV. iv. 121.
Fear, a fearful thing; I. i. 95.
Fearful, full of fear; Induct. 12.
Fears, causes of fear; IV. v. 196.
Fennel, an inflammatory herb; II. iv. 258.
Fetch off, make a prey of, fleece; III. ii. 318.
Few; "in f.," in a few words, in short; I. i. 112.
Fig, insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger; V. iii. 118. (*Cp.* illustration in *Henry V.*)
Fillip, strike; I. ii. 246.
Flap-dragon, snap-dragon; II. v. 267.
Fleet, the prison for debtors; V. v. 92.
Flesh'd, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only" (Capell conjectured "*flush'd*"); I. i. 149.
Foin, make a thrust in fencing; II. i. 16.
Follow'd, followed up the advantage gained; I. i. 21.
Fond, foolish; I. iii. 91.
Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 119.
Foolish-compounded, composed of absurdity; I. ii. 8.
For, in spite of; I. i. 93.
Force perforce, an emphatic form of *perforce*; (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*forc'd, perforce*"); IV. i. 116.
Forehand shaft; "an arrow particularly formed for shooting straight forward, concerning which Ascham says it should be big breasted" (Nares); (Collier MS., "*fourehand*"); III. ii. 51.
Forgetive, inventive; IV. iii. 103.
Forspent, utterly worn out (*for* intensive); I. i. 37.
Fortune; "in the f.," by the good fortune; I. i. 15.
Fourteen and a half, *i.e.* two hundred and ninety yards; the maximum distance reached by the archers of the time being three hundred yards; III. ii. 52.
Foutre, an expression of contempt; (Quarto, "*fowtre*"; Folios, "*footra*"); V. iii. 99.
Frank, sty; II. ii. 154.
Fright, affright, terrify; I. i. 67.
Fubbed off, deluded with false promises; II. i. 34.
Fustian, nonsensical; II. iv. 198.

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Fustilarian, a word of Falstaff's coinage (? connected with "*fusty*," or perhaps from "*fustis*," with reference to the cudgel of the bailiff); II. i. 61.

Gainsaid, contradicted; I. i. 91.
Galled, injured, annoyed; IV. i. 89.
Galloway nags, a small and inferior breed of horses; common hackneys; II. iv. 199.
'Gan, began; I. i. 129.
Garland, crown; V. ii. 84.
Gaultree, the ancient forest of Galtres, to the north of the City of York (Folios, "*Gualtree*"); IV. i. 2.
Gave out, described; IV. i. 23.
German hunting; "hunting subjects were much in favour for the decoration of interiors, and the chase of the wild boar in Germany would naturally form a spirited scene" (Clarke); Quarto, "*Iarman*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Germane*"); II. i. 152.
Gibbets on, hangs on; alluding to the manner of carrying beer-barrels, by hanging them on a sling; III. ii. 277.
Giddy, excitable, hot-brained; IV. v. 214.
Gird, jeer, gibe; I. ii. 7.
God's light, by God's light; an oath; (Folios, "*what*"); II. iv. 138.
Good case, good circumstances; II. i. 111.
Good faith, indeed (Folios, "*good-sooth*"); II. iv. 38.
Graffing, grafting; V. iii. 3.
Grate on, vex, be offensive; IV. i. 90.
Green, fresh; IV. v. 204.
Grief, (1) pain; (2) sorrow; I. i. 144.
Groat, a coin of the value of fourpence; I. ii. 254.
Grows to, incorporates with; I. ii. 59.
Guarded with rags, trimmed, ornamented with rags (Pope, "*goaded*"; Singer, "rags"; Quartos and Folios, "rage"); IV. i. 34.

Haled, dragged (Quarto, "*halde*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Hall'd*"; Folio 4, "*Hal'd*"; Pope, "*Hauld*"); V. v. 35.
Half-kirtles, jackets, or the petticoats attached to them; V. iv. 24.
Halloing, shouting (Quarto, Folios, 1, 2, "*hallowing*,"; Folios, 3, 4, "*hollowing*"); I. ii. 204.
Hands; "of my h.," of my size; II. ii. 72.
Hangs, suspends; IV. i. 213.
Haply, mayhap, perhaps; I. i. 32.
Harry ten shillings; "four H. t. s. in French crowns"; there were no ten-shilling pieces till the reign of Henry VII.; French crowns were worth somewhat less than five shillings each; III. ii. 232. (*Cp.* illustration.)

A gold ten shilling piece of Henry VIII. From an original specimen.

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Haunch, hinder (*i.e.* latter) part; IV. iv. 92.
Hautboy, a wind-instrument (Quarto, "*hoboy*"; Folios, "*Hoe-boy*"); III. ii. 345.
Heave at him, I am ready; I. ii. 209.
Head; "make head," raise an army; I. i. 168.
Headland, a strip of unploughed land at the end of the furrows; V. i. 14.
Heart, will, intention; V. iii. 29.
Heat, pursuit; IV. iii. 25.
Hence, henceforth; V. v. 53.
Hilding, base, menial (Folios, "*hielding*"); I. i. 57.
Hinckley, a market town in Leicestershire (Quarto, "*Hunkly*"); V. i. 26.
His, its (Folio 4, "*its*"); I. ii. 125.
History, relate; IV. i. 203.
Hold, fastness, fortress (Theobald's correction of Quarto and Folios, "*Hole*"); Induct. 35.
Hold sortance, be in accordance; IV. i. 11.
Holland, a kind of linen; with a quibble upon *Holland*; II. ii. 26.
Honey-seed, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *homicide*; II. i. 54.
Honey-suckle, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *homicidal*; II. i. 52.
Hook on, don't lose sight of her; keep close to her; II. i. 170.
How, what price; III. ii. 41.
Humane, human (omitted in Folios); IV. iii. 129.
Humorous, capricious; IV. iv. 34.
Humours of blood, caprices of disposition; II. iii. 30.
Hunt counter, are on the wrong scent; I. ii. 97.
Hurly, hurly-burly, tumult; III. i. 25.
Husband, husbandman (Folios 3, 4, "*husbandman*"); V. iii. 11.

Imbrue, draw blood; II. iv. 204.
Immediate, next in line; IV. v. 42
Imp, youngling; V. v. 43.
In, with; I. iii. 7.
Incertain, uncertain (Folios 1, 2, "*incertain*"; Folios 3, 4, "*uncertain*"); I. iii. 24.
Incision, draw blood; II. iv. 204.
Indifferency, moderate dimensions; IV. iii. 22.
Indited, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *invited*; (Folios 3, 4, "*invited*"); II. i. 28.
Infer, suggest; V. v. 14.
Infinitive, Mrs Quickly's blunder for *infinite*; II. i. 26.
Inset, set (Folios, "*set*"); I. ii. 19.
Insinewed, allied; IV. i. 172.
Instance, proof; III. i. 103.
Intelligencer, mediator; IV. ii. 20.
Intended, understood; IV. i. 166.
Intervallums, intervals; V. i. 91
Intreasured, stored; III. i. 85.
Invested, invested with authority; IV. iv. 6.
Investments, vestments; IV. i. 45.
Iron man, armed man, clad in armour (Quarto, "*man talking*"); IV. ii. 8
It=its; (Quarto and Folios 1, 2, "*it*"; Folios 3, 4, "*its*"); I. ii. 123
It is, he is; used contemptuously; II. iv. 75.

Jade, a term of pity for a maltreated horse; I. i. 45.
Joined-stools, a kind of folding chairs; II. iv. 260.
Juggler, trickster, cheat; II. iv. 137.
Juvenal, youth; I. ii. 22.

Keech, "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump; hence a name given to a butcher's wife"; II. i. 97.
Kickshaws, trifles; V. i. 28
Kindly, natural; IV. v. 84.
Kirtle, a jacket with a petticoat attached to it; II. iv. 288

'Larum-bell, alarm bell; III i. 17
Law, justice; V. ii. 87.
Lay, stayed, resided; III. ii. 294.
Leather-coats, a kind of apple, brown-russets; V. iii. 44.

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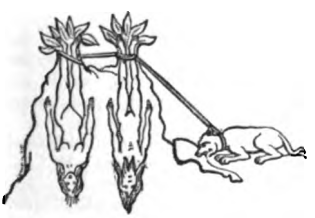
Leer, simper, smile; V. v. 6.
Leman, sweetheart, lover; V. iii. 47.
Lethe, the river in the infernal regions whose waters caused forgetfulness (Quarto, "*lethy*"); V. ii. 72.
Lie, lodge; IV. ii. 97.
Lief, willingly (Quarto, "*liue*"); I. ii. 46.
Lighten, enlighten; II. i. 203.
Like, (?) look (Folios, "*look*"); III. ii. 91.
Like, likely; I. iii. 81.
Liking, likening (Folios, "*lik'ning him*"); II. i. 93.
Lined, strengthened; I. iii. 27.
Listen after, enquire for; I. i. 29.
Livers, formerly considered the seat of the passions; I. ii. 188.
Loathly, loathsome; IV. iv. 122.
Look beyond, misjudge; IV. iv. 67.
Looked, anticipated, expected; I. ii. 48.
Lubber's-head, Libbard's-head, *i.e.* Leopard's-head, the sign of a house (Folios, "*Lubbars*"); II. i. 31.
Lumbert street, Lombard-Street; in early times frequented by the Lombardy merchants (Folios, "*Lombard*"); II. i. 29.
Lusty, lively, merry; III. ii. 17.

Malmsey-nose, red-nosed; II. i. 40.
Malt-worms, ale-topers; II. iv. 351.
Manage, handle; III. ii. 287.
Mandrake, "the plant *Aropa Mandragora*, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure, and to cause madness and even death, when torn from the ground"; I. ii. 16.



The above illustration (from an illuminated MS. in the British Museum) shows the method by which the mandrake was supposed to be obtained.

Man-queller, manslayer, murderer; II. i. 54.
Many, multitude (Douce conjectured "*meyny*"); I. iii. 91.
Mare, nightmare; II. i. 79.
Marks; a mark is of the value of thirteen shillings and fourpence; I. ii. 208.
Marry, a corruption of *Mary*; a mild form of oath (Quarto, "*Mary*"; Folios, "*Why*"); II. ii. 42.
Martlemas, Martinmas, the Feast of St Martin, which marked the close of autumn; used figuratively = an old man; II. ii. 107.
Matter; "no such m.," it is nothing of the kind; Induct. 15.
Mechanical, vulgar, occupied in low drudgery; V. v. 36.
Medicine potable, alluding to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists; IV. v. 163.
Melting, softening, pitying (Quarto, "*meeting*"); IV. iv. 32.
Mess, "common term for a small portion of anything belonging to the kitchen"; II. i. 99.
Met, obtained; IV. v. 186.
Metal, ardour, high courage (used in both senses, "*metal*" and "*mettle*"); (Folio 4, "*metal*"; Quarto, "*mettal*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Mettle*"); I. i. 116.
Mete, judge of; IV. iv. 77.
Mile-end Green, the usual ground for military drill, and also for public sports; III. ii. 293.
Misdoubts, apprehensions; IV. i. 206.
Miscarried, perished; IV. i. 129.
Misorder'd, disordered; IV. ii. 33.
Mistook, mistaken, misunderstood; IV. ii. 56.
Mode, form of things (Quarto and Folios, "*mood*"); IV. v. 200.

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Model, plans; I. iii. 42.
More and less, high and low; I. i. 209.
Much! an exclamation of ironical admiration; II. iv. 139.
Much ill, very ill; IV. iv. 111.
Muse, wonder, am surprised; IV. i. 167.

Neaf, fist; II. iv. 195.
Near, in the confidence; V. i. 78.
Neighbour confines, neighbouring boundaries; IV. v. 124.
New-dated, recently dated; IV. i. 8.
Nice, over-delicate, dainty, I. i. 145; trivial, petty, IV. i. 191.
"*Nine Worthies*"; these were commonly enumerated as follows:—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon; II. iv. 230. *Cp. Love's Labour's Lost.*
Nobles, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 161.
Noise, company of musicians; II. iv. 12. (The annexed illustration, representing two companies of noises, is taken from Harrison's *Arches of Triumph, erected in honour of the entry of James I. into London*, 1603.)

No other, nothing else (Quarto, "*otherwise*"); V. ii. 62.
Nut-hook, contemptuous term for a catchpole; V. iv. 8.

Obedience, obeisance; IV. v. 147.
Observance, obeisance, homage; IV. iii. 16.
Observed, deferred to; IV. iv. 30.
O'er-posting, getting clear of; I. ii. 162.
Offer, menace; IV. i. 219.
Offices, domestic offices, apartments (especially servants' quarters); I. iii. 47.
Omit, neglect; IV. iv. 27.
On, of; I. iii. 102.
One, i.e. mark, score; pronounced "*own*" (Theobald conjectured "*Lone*"=*loan*; Collier MS., "*score*"); II. i. 32.
Opposite, adversary, opponent; I. iii. 55.
Orchard, garden; V. iii. 1.
Ostentation, outward show; II. ii. 54.
Ouches, ornaments; II. iv. 53.
Ousel, blackbird; (Quarto, "*woosel*"; Folios, "*Ouzel*"); III. ii. 9.
Out; "will not out," will not fail you; a sportsman's expression; V. iii. 67.
Outbreathed, out of breath, exhausted; I. i. 108.
Overlive, outlive; IV. i. 15.
Over-rode, caught him up, out-rode; I. i. 30.
Overscutched, (?) over-scotched, or, overwhipped; (Quarto, "*ouerschuchi*"; Grant White, "*over-switched*"; "*over-switched housewife*"=(according to Ray) a strumpet); III. ii. 335.
Overween, think arrogantly; IV. i. 149.

Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; II. iv. 249.
Parcels, small parts, particulars; IV. ii. 36.
Parcel-gilt, part-gilt, generally only the embossed portions; II. i. 90.
Part, depart; IV. ii. 70.
Part, "characteristic action"; IV. v. 64.
Particular; "his particular," its details; IV. iv. 90.

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Passing, surprisingly, exceedingly; IV. ii. 85.

'Pauls'; "The body of old St Paul's Church in London was a constant place of resort for business and amusement. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, and politics discussed" (Nares); I. ii. 57.

Pawn'd, pledged; IV. ii. 112.

Peasant, rural, provincial (Collier MS., "*pleasant*"); Induct. 33.

Peascod-time, the time when peas are in pod; II. iv. 403.

Persistency, persistency in evil; II. ii. 50.

Peruse, survey, examine; IV. ii. 94.

Picking, petty; IV. i. 198.

'Pie-corner,' near Giltspur Street; the Great Fire ended at this corner; II. i. 26.

Please it, if it please; I. i. 5.

Point, a signal given by the blast of a trumpet (Collier MS., "*report*"; Singer, "*a bruit*"); IV. i. 52.

Point, a tagged lace, used to tie parts of the dress; I. i. 53.

Points, mark of commission; perhaps the same as the shoulder-knots worn by soldiers and livery servants; II. iv. 138.

Ports, portals; IV. v. 24.

Posts, post-horses; IV. iii. 38.

Pottle-pot, a tankard holding two quarts; II. ii. 83.

Power, armed force; I. iii. 29.

Precepts, summonses; V. i. 13.

Precisely, exactly; IV. i. 205.

Pregnancy, ready wit; I. ii. 182.

Present, immediate; IV. iii. 76.

Presented, represented; V. ii. 79.

Prick, mark, put him on the list; III. ii. 119.

Pricked down, marked; II. iv. 349.

Preface; "an Anglicized form of the Italian *prò vi faccia*; "much good may it do you"; V. iii. 28.

Project, expectation; I. iii. 29.

Proof; "come to any proof," show themselves worth anything when it comes to the test; IV. iii. 93.

Proper, handsome; II. ii. 72.

Proper, appropriate; I. iii. 32

Proper, own; V. ii. 109.

Proposal, suppose; V. ii. 92.

Pulsidge, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *pulse*; II. iv. 24.

Punish by the heels, the technical term for committing to prison; I. ii. 133.

Purchased, "used probably in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act*, as opposed to an acquisition by descent" (Malone); IV. v. 200.

Push, thrust; II. ii. 40.

Quantities, small pieces; V. i. 67.

Quean, contemptible wench, hussy; II. i. 48.

Queasiness, sickly feeling, nausea; I. i. 196.

Question; "in q.," under judicial trial; I. ii. 66.

Quit, safe, free; III. ii. 251.

Quittance, requital, return of blows; I. i. 108.

Quiver, nimble; III. ii. 295.

Quoif, cap or hood; "sickly q.," cap which is the badge of sickness; I. i. 147.

Quoit, throw, pitch (Quarto, "*Quaite*"); II. iv. 200.

Ragged, rugged, rough, Induct. 35; beggarly, V. ii. 38.

Ragged'st, roughest (Theobald conjectured "*rugged'st*"); I. i. 151.

Ralph (Quarto, "*Rafe*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Raphe*"); III. ii. 106.

Rampallian, an abusive epithet (*cp.* "*rapscallion*"); II. i. 61.

Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; II. iv. 209.

Rascals; originally lean deer not fit to hunt or kill; II. iv. 43.

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Rash, quickly ignited; IV. iv. 48.
Rated, chided; III. i. 68.
Recordation to, memory of; II. iii. 61.
Red lattice, an ale-house window, commonly red; II. ii. 86. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a fan of the year 1728, on which are depicted this and other scenes of Bartholomew Fair.

Red wheat, late wheat, spring wheat; V. i. 16.
Remember'd, mentioned; V. ii. 142.
Remembrance, memory; II. iii. 59; admonition; V. ii. 115.
Render'd, reported, told; I. i. 27.
Resolved correction, the chastisement determined upon; IV. i. 213.
Respect, regard, consideration; I. i. 184.
Rheumatic, probably a blunder for *splenetic*; II. iv. 60.
Rides the wild-mare, plays at see-saw; II. iv. 259.
Rigol, circlet; IV. v. 36.
Ripe, mature; IV. i. 13.
Rising, insurrection; I. i. 204.
Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John; V. iii. 103. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the *editio princeps* (1686) of Robin Hood's Garland.

Rood, crucifix; III. ii. 3. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the MS. Harl., 1527.

Roundly, without much ceremony, III. ii. 20.
Routs, gangs; IV. i. 33.
Rowel-head, the axis on which the wheel-shaped points of a spur turn; I. i. 46.
Royal faiths, faith to the king (Hanmer conjectured, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 193.

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Sack; generic term for Spanish wines; I. ii. 214.
Sad, sober, serious; V. i. 89.
Sadly, soberly; V. ii. 125.
Samingo, probably a blunder for *San Domingo,* the patron saint of topers; a common burden of drinking-songs; V. iii. 75.
Saving your manhoods, saving your reverence; II. i. 27.
Scab, a term of contempt and disgust; III. ii. 290.
Scattered stray, stragglers; IV. ii. 120.
Seal'd up, fully confirmed; IV. v. 104.
Sect, sex; II. iv. 39.
Semblable, similar; V. i. 69.
Set off, (?)=cast out, ignored, or= rendered account for (Clarke); (perhaps the phrase is intentionally vague); IV. i. 145.
Set on, begin to march; I. iii. 109.
Seven stars, the Pleiades; II. iv. 196.
Shadows; "s. to fill up the muster-book," *i.e.* "we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men" (Johnson); III. ii. 143.
Shall, will; I. ii. 24.
Sherris-sack, sherry; a Spanish wine, so called from the town of Xeres; IV. iii. 99.
Shat, marksman; III. ii. 289.
Shove-groat; "s. shilling," alluding to a game which consisted in pushing pieces of money on a board to reach certain marks; II. iv. 200. (*Cp.* illustration in *Merry Wives.*)
Shrewd, mischievous; II. iv. 220.
Shrove-tide, a time of special merriment, as the close of the carnival season; V. iii. 36.
Sights, eye-holes; IV. i. 121
Sign of the leg, the sign over a boot-maker's shop; II. iv. 262.
Silkman, silk mercer; II. i. 29.
Single, simple, silly (used quibblingly); I. ii. 198.
Slops, loose breeches; I. ii. 34.
Smack, taste, savour; I. ii. 106.
Smooth-pates, sleek-headed; "a synonym for the later and more historical name *roundheads*" (Quarto, "*smoothy-pates*"); I. ii. 42.
Sneap, snubbing, rebuke; II. i. 129.
So, so be it; III. ii. 248.
Soft; "s. silencing," gently reproving; V. ii. 97.
Something a, a somewhat (Collier MS., "*something of*"); I. ii. 202-3.
Soon; "soon at night," this very night; V. v. 91.
Sort, manner; IV. v. 201.
South, south wind; II. iv. 382.
Spirits, monosyllabic (as often); I. i. 198.
Spoke on, spoken of (Folios, "*spoken of*"); II. ii. 69.
Stand; "s. my good lord," be my kind master, patron; IV. iii. 85.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ii. 41.
State, regal character; V. ii. 99.
State of floods; "the majestic dignity of the ocean" (Malone); (Hanmer, "*floods of state*"); V. ii. 132.
Stick, hesitate; I. ii. 25.
Stiff-borne, obstinately pursued; I. i. 177.
Still, continually; Induct. 4.
Still-discordant, ever-discordant; Induct. 19.
Still-stand, standstill; II. iii. 64.
Stomach, appetite; IV. iv. 105.
Stops, the holes in a wind instrument by the opening or closing of which by the fingers the sounds are produced; Induct. 17.
Strained, excessive; I. i. 161.
Strange-achieved, (?) strangely acquired (by wrong means); according to some, "gained in foreign lands"; (Schmidt, "gained and not yet enjoyed"); IV. v. 72.
Stratagem, "anything amazing and appalling"; I. i. 8.

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Strengths, armies, forces; I. iii. 76.
Strond, strand; I. i. 62.
Studied, inclined; II. ii. 10.
Succes, succession, continuation; IV. ii. 47.
Successively, by right of succession; IV. v. 202.
Sufferance, suffering; V. iv. 28.
Suggestion, temptation; IV. iv. 45.
Supplies, additional forces, reserves; IV. ii. 45.
Surecard; "surecard was used as a term for a *boon-companion* as lately as the latter end of the last century "(Malone); (Quartos, "*Soccard*"); III. ii. 94.
Suspire, breathe; IV. v. 33.
Swaggerers, bullies, blusterers; II. iv. 80.
Sway on, move on (Collier "*Let's away*"); IV. i. 24.
Swinge-bucklers, rolsterers; III. ii. 23.
Swinged, whipped; V. iv. 21.

Tables, table-books, memorandum books; II. iv. 280.
Ta'en up, taken up, levied (Quarto, "*tane*"; Folios, "*taken*"); IV. ii. 26.
Take the heat, get the start of him; II. iv. 314-5.
Take such order, give such orders; III. ii. 194.
Take up, encounter; I. iii. 73.
Taking up, obtaining on trust; I. ii. 45.
Tall, used ironically; V. i. 62.
Tall, sturdy; III. ii. 66.
Tap for tap, tit for tat; II. i. 201.
Tempering, becoming soft like wax; IV. iii. 136.
Temperality, Mrs Q.'s blunder for *temper*; II. iv. 24.
Tends, contributes (Folios, "*tends*"; Quarto, "*intends*"); I. ii. 9.
Tester, sixpence; III. ii. 291.
Tewksbury mustard, mustard made in Tewkesbury; II. iv. 253.
That that, that which; IV. iv. 82.
That, so that; I. i. 197.
Theme, business; I. iii. 22.
Thewes, muscles and sinews; III. ii. 271.
Thick, fast; II. iii. 24.
Thin man in a censer, evidently meaning that the officer wore the kind of cap which is here likened to a censer; V. iv. 20. (*Cp. Censer.*)
Three-man beetle, "a heavy rammer with three handles used in driving piles, requiring three men to wield it"; I. ii. 246.
Tilly-fally, an exclamation of contempt; II. iv. 87.
Tirrits, Mrs Q.'s blunder for (?) *terrors*; II. iv. 213.
To, compared to; IV. iii. 55.
To, for; III. ii. 175.
Tolling, ringing for (Quarto, "*tolling*"; Folios, "*knolling*"); I. i. 103.
Toward, in preparation; II. iv. 208.
Toys, trifles; II. iv. 178.
Trade, activity, intercourse with; I. i. 174.
Traverse, march; III. ii. 286.
Trimm'd, trimmed up, furnished with (Folios, 2, 3, 4, "*trimm'd up*"; Vaughan, "*Cramm'd*"); I. iii. 94.
Trip, defeat; V. ii. 87.
Turk; "the Turk," the Grand Turk—the Sultan; III. ii. 325.
Turnbull street, a corruption of Turnmill Street, near Clerkenwell; the resort of bullies, rogues, etc. (Folios, "*Turnball*"); III. ii. 323.
Twelve score, twelve score yards; III. ii. 51.

Uneasy, uncomfortable; III. i. 10.
Unfirm, weak; I. iii. 73.
Unseason'd, unseasonable; III. i. 105.
Up-swarm'd, raised in swarms; IV. ii. 30.
Utis; "old utis," great fun (utis, *cp. huit*; originally applied to the eighth day of a festival); II. iv. 20.

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Vail his stomach, lower his haughty pride; I. i. 129.
Valuation; "our v.," the estimation of us; IV. i. 189.
Varlet, knave, rascal; V. iii. 12.
Vaward, vanguard (Theobald conjectured "*rearguard*" or "*wareward*"; I. ii. 190.
Vent, small hole made for passage; Induct. 2.
Venture, let us venture; I. i. 185.
Vessel; '*the united v. of their blood*,' the vessel of their united blood; IV. iv. 44.
Vice, grip, grasp (Quarto, "*view*"); II. i. 22.
Vice's dagger, the wooden dagger carried by the *Vice* of the old Morality plays; III. ii. 337.

Wanton, luxurious, effeminate; I. i. 148.
Warder, staff of command; IV. i. 125.
Wassail candle, a large candle lighted up at a feast; I. ii. 169.
Watch-case, sentry-box; III. i. 17.
Water-work, water colours; II. i. 152.
Well conceited, clevered, retorted; V. i. 37.
Well encounter'd, well met; IV. ii. 1.
What, an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 2.
What, who; I. i. 2.
What the good-year, supposed to be a corruption from *goujère*, *i.e.* the French disease; a mild oath; II. iv. 62.
Whcreson, Whitsun; (Folios, "*Whitson*"); II. i. 92.
Whipping-cheer, whipping fare; V. iv. 5. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Who, which; V. ii. 128.
Winking, closing his eyes; I. iii. 33.
With, by; I. i. 204.
Withal, with; IV. ii. 95.
Within a ken, in sight; IV. i. 151.
'*Witness'd usurpation*'="witnesses, or traces, of its usurpation"; I. i. 63.
Woe-begone, overwhelmed with grief; (Bentley conjectured "*Ucalegon*"); I. i. 71.
Woman-queller, woman-killer; II. i. 55.
Woncot, Wilnecote, a village near Stratford (Collier MS., "*Wilnecot*"); V. i. 40.
Wo't, wouldst; "Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta?" (Quarto, "*thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta*"; Folios, "*Thou wilt not? thou wilt not?*"); II. i. 59.
Wrought the mure, worn away the wall; IV. iv. 119.

Yea-forsooth knave; "one saying *yea* and *forsooth*; alluding to the mild quality of citizen oaths"; I. ii. 40.
Yeoman, a kind of under-bailiff, sheriff's officer; II. i. 3.
Yet, still; I. i. 82.

Zeal; "z. of God," *i.e.* "devotion to God's cause" (Capell conjectured "*seal*"); IV. ii. 27.

Whipping-cheer.
From an engraving by Fairholt.

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Notes.

INDUCTION. '*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*Enter Rumour.*' In ancient pageants Rumour was often represented as apparelled in a robe 'full of toongs'; Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, describes Rumour as

> "*A goodly lady, environed about*
> *With tongues of fire.*"

Similarly Chaucer, *House of Fame*, 298-300. Probably the idea was ultimately derived from Virgil, *Æneid*, IV. 173-188.

INDUCT. 6. '*tongues,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*tongue.*'

INDUCT. 8. '*men,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*them.*'

I. i. 62. '*whereon,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*when.*'

I. i. 66. '*Hateful death put on his ugliest mask.* *Cp.* the accompanying illustration from a specimen formerly used in the *Todtentanz*, and preserved in the old German Museum of Nuremberg.

I. i. 164. '*Lean*'; Quarto, '*leaue*'; '*your*'; Quarto, '*you.*'

I. i. 166-179; 189-209; omitted in Quarto.

I. ii. 8. '*foolish-compounded clay, man*'; Quarto and Folios, '*foolish compounded clay-man.*'

I. ii. 39. '*his tongue be hotter,*' alluding to the rich man in the Parable, *Luke* xvi. 24.

I. ii. 40. '*a rascally yea-forsooth knave*'; Quarto, '*rascall.*'

I. ii. 61, 62. '*here comes the nobleman who committed the Prince,*' etc.; this was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. *Cp.* illustration to note on V. ii. 38.

I. ii. 129. In Quarto the prefix '*Old*' is given instead of *Fal*(*staff*), *cp. Preface.*

I. ii. 180. '*I cannot go; I cannot tell*'; Johnson was probably right in seeing here a play on *go* and *tell* in the sense of '*pass current*' and '*count as good money.*'

I. ii. 229. '*Spit white*'; *cp. Batman uppon Bartholome*, ed. 1582 (quoted by Dr Furnivall):—"*If the spittle be white viscus, the sickness cometh of fleam; if*

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black, of melancholy; the white spittle not knottie signifieth health." Other passages indicate that it was also regarded as a sign of thirst.

I. ii. 232-238. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 36-55. Omitted in Quarto.

I. iii. 36, etc.

> '*If this present quality of war*
> *Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,*' etc.

Various attempts have been made to restore the meaning of the lines. Malone's reading has been generally accepted:—

> '*Yes, in this present quality of war:*
> *Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—*
> *Lives so in hope as in an early spring,*'

which Grant White paraphrases, "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, etc. Indeed this very action or affair—a cause on foot—is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring." Pope proposed "*Impede the instant act*"; Johnson, "*in this present. . Indeed of instant action*"; Mason, "*if this prescient quality of war Induc'd the instant action,*" etc.

I. iii. 71. '*against the French.*' A French army of 12,000 men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Glendower, during this rebellion.

I. iii. 85-108. Omitted in Quarto.

II. i. 162. '*so God save me, la!*'; Quarto, '*so God save me law*'; Folios, '*in good earnest la.*'

II. ii. 26-30. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 80. '*virtuous*'; Folios, '*pernicious*'; Capell conjectured '*precious.*

II. ii. 92. '*Althæa*'; the boy here confounds Althæa's firebrand with Hecuba's; perhaps the blunder was the poet's.

II. ii. 121. '*borrower's cap*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios and Quarto, '*borrowed cap.*'

II. ii. 180. '*leathern jerkins,*' commonly worn by vintners and tapsters.

II. iii. 12. '*heart's dear Harry*'; Folios, '*heart-deere-Harry.*'

II. iii. 19. '*the grey vault of heaven*'; *cp.* the use of 'grey' applied to the eyes, where we generally use 'blue'; '*grey-eyed morn*' (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 1) may perhaps illustrate the same fact.

II. iv. 35. '*When Arthur first in court*'; from the ballad of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, printed in Percy's *Reliques.*

II. iv. 51. '*your brooches, pearls, and ouches*'; a scrap of an old ballad, first marked as a quotation by Capell.

II. iv. 56, 57. Omitted in Folios.

II. iv. 115. PISTOL has been likened to the character of 'the swaggering

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ruffian,' CENTURIO, in the famous Spanish play by Rojas, called *Celestina*, which was translated into English by James Mabbe; and though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1598, the translation was not issued till 1630. It is more than probable that Mabbe was one of Shakespeare's friends; at all events, the dramatist may easily have read the English *Tragicke-Comedye of Celestina* in MS. (Mabbe's fascinating book has recently been reprinted as a volume of Mr Nutt's *Tudor Translations*.)

II. iv. 137. '*Since when, I pray you, sir?*' a scoffing form of enquiry.

II. iv. 142, 143. Omitted in Folios.

II. iv. 168. '*Have we not Hiren here?*' probably a quotation from a lost play by George Peele called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*; 'Hiren,' a corruption of 'Irene.'

II. iv. 173. '*And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia*'; *cp.* 2 *Tamburlaine*, IV. iv.:—

> "*Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!*
> *What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?*"

II. iv. 177. '*Let the welkin roar*'; a commonplace tag in old ballads of the time.

II. iv. 187. '*Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis*'; a burlesque of passages in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (1594); Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword, and says, '*Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis.*'

II. iv. 189. '*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento*'; the line, probably purposely corrupted, was restored by Hanmer:—'*Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta*' (*i.e.* 'If fortune torments me, hope contents me'). "Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga," remarked Farmer, "who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, Fancies*:—

> '*Si Fortuna me tormenta,*
> *Il speranza me contenta.*'"

From an old French rapier formerly in the Douce collection.

II. iv. 205. '*Then death rock me asleep*,' etc.; said to be a fragment of an old song written by Anne Boleyn.

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II. iv. 207. '*Untwine the Sisters Three*'; *cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. 343-348, where there is a reference to the 'shears' of Atropos, the Fate that cut the thread of human destiny.

II. iv. 279. '*Fiery Trigon*'; alluding to the astrological division of the zodiacal signs into four *trigons* or *triplicities*; one consisting of the three *fiery* signs (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); the others, respectively, of three airy, three watery, and three earthy signs. When the three superior planets were in the three fiery signs they formed a *fiery trigon*; when in Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, a *watery* one, etc.

III. i. The whole scene omitted in Quarto 1 (*i.e.* the earlier copies of the edition).

III. i. 30. '*Then happy low, lie down!*'; Quarto reads '*Then (happy) low lie downe.*' Coleridge suggested '*Then, happy low-lie-down*'; Warburton, '*happy lowly clown.*' The Folio seems to make the meaning quite clear:—'*Then happy Lowe, lye downe*'; 'low' is used substantively, 'You who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest,' etc.

III. i. 43. '*little*,' *i.e.* 'a little.'

III. i. 53-56. Omitted in Folios.

III. i. 66. '*cousin Nevil*'; the earldom of Warwick did not come into the family of the Nevilles till the latter part of the reign of Henry VI.; at this time it was in the family of Beauchamp.

III. ii. '*Justice Shallow*'; the character has, with much reason, been identified with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote (*cp. The Merry Wives of Windsor*); perhaps there is a reference to his arms in the words, '*If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at line*' (*cp. infra*, ll. 351, 352; 'luce'='pike,' *cp.* Note, line 1, *Merry Wives of Windsor*).

III. ii. 26. '*Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.*' This is generally given as one of the points of evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, Sir John Oldcastle having actually been in his youth page to the Duke of Norfolk: but it would seem that the same is true of Sir John Fastolf.

III. ii. 31. '*I see* (Folios, '*saw*') *him break Skogan's head*' (Quarto, *Skoggins*; Folio 1, '*Scoggans*'); two Scogans must be carefully differentiated, though probably both are confused by Shakespeare in this passage:—(i.) Henry Scogan, the poet, Chaucer's Scogan, described by Ben Jonson in *The Fortunate Isles*, as

> "*a fine gentleman, and master of arts*
> *Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises*
> *For the King's sons, and writ in ballad royal*
> *Daintily well*";

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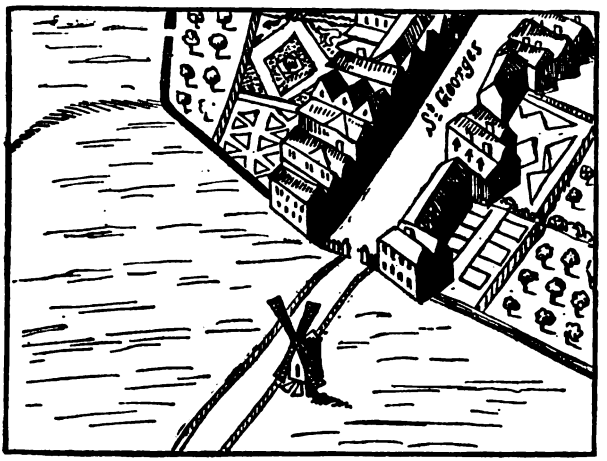
(ii.) John Scogan, "an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, the favourite buffoon of the court of Edward IV." A book of '*Scogins Jests*' was published in 1565 by Andrew Borde, and probably suggested the name to Shakespeare.

III. ii. 140. '*but much of the father's substance*'; so Quarto; Folios, '*not*'; the Variorum of 1821 proposed '*not much*'; the Quarto reading must be understood as ironical.

III. ii. 203. '*The windmill in St George's field*'; (*cp.* illustration).



From Faithorne's *Map of London*, 1658, the only known copy of which is preserved in the National Library at Paris.

III. ii. 294. '*Dagonet in Arthur's show*'; *Sir Dagonet* is Arthur's fool in the story of Tristram de Lyonesse; '*Arthur's show*' was an exhibition of archery by a society of 58 members which styled itself "*The Ancient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthur and his Knightly Armory of the Rouna Table*," and took the names of the knights of the old romance. Mulcaster referred to it in his *Positions, concerning the training up of children* (1581.) The meeting-place of the society was Mile-end Green. (The names of the knights of the old romance may be well illustrated by the illustration on the next page.)

III. ii. 331. '*invisible*'; Rowe's emendation; Quarto and Folios, '*invincible*,' *i.e.* (?) "not to be evinced, not to be made out, indeterminable" (Schmidt).

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III. ii. 332, 333. '*yet* . . . *mandrake*'; 340-343, '*a' came* . . . *good-nights*'; omitted in Folios.

III. ii. 349. '*philosopher's two stones*'; "one of which was an universal medicine, the other a transmuter of base metals into gold"; so Warburton; Malone explains:—"I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone."

The Knights of the Round Table (see note on III. ii. 294)
From an illuminated MS. of *Lancelot* (No. 676) in the National Library at Paris.

IV. i. 55-79. Omitted in Quarto.

IV. i. 71. '*there*'; the reading of the Folios; Hanmer conjectured '*sphere*'; Collier '*chair.*'

IV. i. 93. Neither this line nor 95 is to be found in the Folios, and they are omitted in some copies of the Quarto. To some corruption of the text is due the obscurity of ll. 94-96, which Clarke paraphrases:—"The grievances

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of my brother general, the commonwealth, and the home cruelty to my born brother, cause me to make this quarrel my own." The archbishop's brother had been beheaded by the King's order.

IV. i. 103-139. Omitted in Quarto.

IV. i. 173. '*true substantial form*,' *i.e.* 'in due form and legal validity.'

IV. iii. 43. '*hook-nosed fellow of Rome*'; Quarto adds '*there cosin*' before '*I came*,' which Johnson took to be a corruption of '*there, Cæsar*.'

IV. iii. 121, 122. '*commences it and sets it in act and use*'; Tyrwhitt saw in these words an allusion "to the Cambridge *Commencement* and the Oxford *Act*; for by those different names the two Universities have long distinguished the season at which each gives to her respective students a complete authority to use *those hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees."

IV. iv. 35. '*as flaws congealed in the spring of day*'; according to Warburton the allusion is "to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapours being congealed in the air by the cold (which is most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called flaws"; Malone explained '*flaws*' to mean "small blades of ice which are stuck on the edges of the water in winter mornings."

IV. iv. 122. '*loathly births of nature*,' *i.e.* unnatural births.

IV. v. 205. '*And all my friends*'; Tyrwhitt's conjecture for '*thy friends*' of the Folios and Quarto. Dyce '*my foes*.' Clarke explains the original reading thus:—"By the first *thy friends* the King means those who are friendly inclined to the prince, and who, he goes on to say, must be made securely friends."

IV. v. 235. ''*Tis called Jerusalem*'; probably from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was hung; now used for the meetings of Convocation.

V. i. 31, 32. '*A friend i' court is better than a penny in purse*'; *cp. The Romaunt of the Rose*, 5540:—

> "*For frende in court aie better is*
> *Than peny is in purse, certis*";

Camden gives the same proverbial expression.

V. ii. 38. '*A ragged and forestall'd remission*'; '*forestall'd*' has been variously interpreted; the simplest interpretation seems to be 'anticipated, asked for before being granted,' not necessarily by the Chief-Justice himself, but by his friends; the explanation fits in well with the dignified utterance of the speaker. Others explain, 'a pardon that is sure not to be granted, the case having been prejudged'; 'a pardon which is precluded from being absolute,

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by the refusal of the offender to accuse or alter his conduct,' etc. (The accompanying figure, from a monument in Deerhurst Church, Gloucestershire, represents the costume of a judge of the time of Henry IV.)

V. iii. 73. '*Do me right*'; 'to do a man right' was formerly, according to Steevens, the usual expression in pledging healths.

'*And dub me knight*'; it was a custom in Shakespeare's day to drink a bumper kneeling to the health of one's mistress. He who performed this exploit was *dubbed a knight* for the evening, *cp. A Yorkshire Tragedy*, "They call it knighting in London when they drink upon their knees" (Malone).

V. iii. 121. '*Dead? As nail in door*'; an ancient proverbial expression; the door-nail was probably the nail on which the knocker struck. "It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrevocably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce."

V. iii. 141. '*Where is the life that late I led*'; a scrap of an old song; *cp. Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i.

V. v. 28. '*obsque hoc nihil est*,' '*'tis all in every part*'; the second and later Folios correct '*obsque*' to '*absque*,' but the error may have been intentional on the author's part. Pistol uses a Latin expression 'ever the same, for without this there is nothing,' and then goes on to allude to an English proverbial expression, "All in all, and all in every part," which he seems to give as its free rendering.

V. v. 108. '*I heard a bird so sing*'; a proverbial expression still extant.

Epilogue. Shakespeare's authorship of this epilogue has been doubted, and it has been described as 'a manifest and poor imitation of the epilogue to *As You Like It*.' It is noteworthy that it occurs already in the Quarto (1600), though with one important difference; the words '*and so kneel down . . . queen*' (ll. 36, 37) are printed there at the end of the first paragraph, after '*infinitely*.' It seems probable, therefore, that the epilogue originally ended there, and that the remaining lines were added somewhat later. One is strongly tempted to infer that the additions to the epilogue were called forth by the success of the first and second parts of the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, written evidently to vindicate the character of Falstaff's original, and put on the stage as a counter-attraction to *Henry IV.*, hence the words, added in a spirit of playful defiance, '*for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man*' (l. 33). The first part of *Sir John Oldcastle* was performed for the

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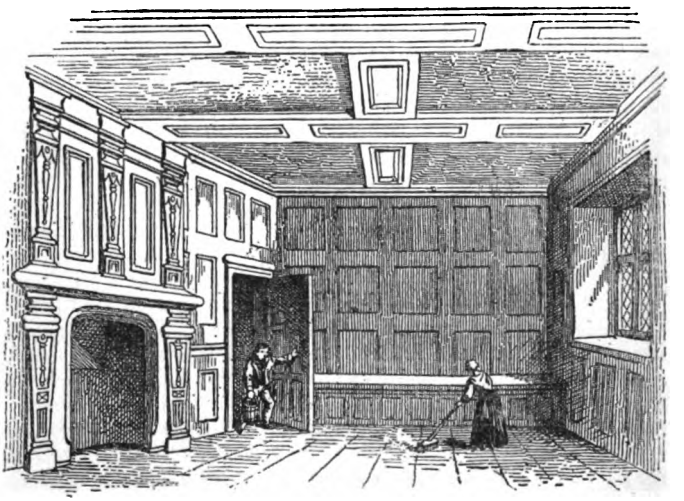
first time about the 1st of November 1599, the second part, dealing with the Lollard's death, was evidently written by the end of the year. *The First Part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, appeared in two editions in 1600; Shakespeare's name had been impudently printed on the title-page of the former and less correct edition; the authors were Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Chettle. The 'Second Part' is not known to exist.

l. 28. '*our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine in France*'; Shakespeare changed his mind. "The public was not to be indulged in laughter for laughter's sake at the expense of his play. The tone of the entire play of *Henry V.* would have been altered if Falstaff had been allowed to appear in it. . . . Agincourt is not the field for splendid mendacity. . . . There is no place for Falstaff any longer on earth; he must find refuge 'in Arthur's bosom.'" But the public would not absolve "our humble author of his promise, and they were to make merry again with their favourite

'*round about the oak*
Of Herne the hunter.'"



Interior of an Elizabethan Inn, Rochester.
From an engraving by Fairholt.

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King Henry V.
from the painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

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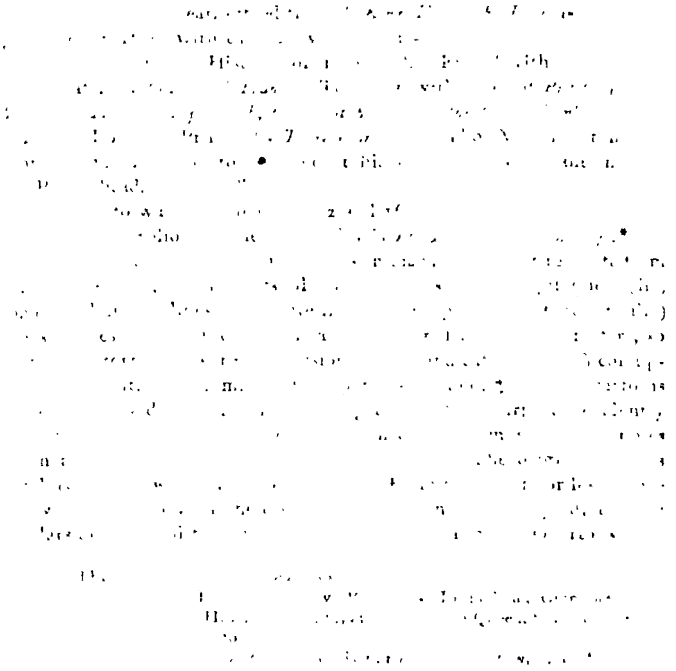
Preface.



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THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

Preface.

Editions. The earliest edition of *King Henry the Fifth* is a quarto published in 1600, with the following title:—

"The | Chronicle | History of Henry the Fifth | with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | *France*. Together with *Auntient Pistoll*. | *As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants*. | LONDON | Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Milling | ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600. |"

This quarto was reprinted in 1602 and 1608.

In the First Folio the title of the play is *The Life of Henry the Fift*.*

The text of the quarto edition differs in many important respects from that of the folio; (i.) it omits all the prologues and the epilogue; (ii.) some five hundred lines besides are in no wise represented therein; (iii.) the speeches of certain characters are transferred to other characters, so that the actors are fewer;† confusion in time-indications; (iv.) corruptions, obscurities, and minor discrepancies abound.‡ The Quarto is obviously derived from an edition abridged for acting purposes, evidently an imperfect and unauthorised version made up from shorthand notes taken at the theatre, and afterwards amplified. The original of this abridged edition was in all probability the Folio text, more or less, as we know it. This view of the question is now generally accepted, and few scholars are inclined to maintain that 'the original of the Quarto was an

* Edited by W. G. Stone, *New Shak. Soc.*, 1880.

† Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Erpingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger, II. iv., and IV. ii., and the French Queen, have no speeches assigned to them in the Quarto.

‡ *Cf.* Henry V., *Parallel Texts*, ed. Nicholson, *with Introduction*, by P. A. Daniel; *New Shak. Soc.*

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earlier one without choruses, and following the Chronicle historians much more closely.' *

The Date of Composition. The reference to Essex in the Prologue to Act V. (*vide* Note) shews that *Henry the Fifth* must have been acted between March 27 and September 28, 1599 †; the play is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, though *Henry IV.* is included in his list; the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* makes promise of *Henry V.*, but 'our humble author' has modified his original conception ‡ (*vide* Preface to 1, 2 *Henry IV.*, and Note on *Epilogue*): this change of plan is intimately connected with the composition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (*vide* Preface); the play is found in the Stationers' Register under August 4th, 1600 (together with *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*), marked, "to be staied," though ten days afterwards it is again entered among the copies assigned to Thomas Pavyer; in the same year we have the publication of the Quarto edition; finally, the Globe Theatre, built by Burbage in 1599, is somewhat emphatically referred to in the Prologue; all these considerations seem to fix with certainty the year 1599 as the date of this play.

The Sources. The main authority for the history of *Henry V.* was the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, published in 1587, though he departs occasionally from his original for the sake of dramatic effect. For two or three minor points Shakespeare was indebted to the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* § (*e.g.* a few touches in Act I.

* *Vide* Fleay, '*Life and Work of Shakespeare*'; p. 206. Besides thus differentiating the two editions, Mr Fleay takes the scene with the Scotch and Irish captains (III. ii. l. 69 to the end of the scene) to be an insertion for the Court performance, Christmas 1605, to please King James, who had been annoyed that year by depreciation of the Scots on the stage.

This scene is certainly a contrast to the anti-Scottish feeling in Act I. Sc. ii. The late Richard Simpson made some interesting, though doubtful, observations on the political teaching of Henry V. in a paper dealing with *The politics of Shakespeare's Historical Plays* (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874).

† It is fair to assume that the choruses were written for the first performances, though Pope, Warburton, and others held that these were inserted at a later period; they must, however, have formed an integral portion of Shakespeare's original scheme; considerations of time may have necessitated their omission in the abridged acting edition.

‡ "Our humble author will continue the story, *with Sir John in it*, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat," etc.

§ *Vide* Preface to 1, 2 *Henry IV.* *The Famous Victories* was licensed in 1594; in 1592 Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse*, alludes to this or some other play on the same subject:—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner," etc.

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Sc. ii.; the episode of Pistol and the French soldier; the wooing scene, etc.).*

Duration of Action. The time of *Henry V.* covers ten days, with intervals, embracing altogether a period of about six years, from the opening of the Parliament at Leicester, April 30, 1414, to Henry's betrothal to Katharine, May 20, 1420:—

1st Chorus. Prologue, 'sets forth the claims of the dramatist on the imagination of the audience.'

Day 1. Act I. Sc. i. and ii. Ante-chamber in the King's palace; the presence-chamber.

2nd Chorus; 'tells of the preparations for war; of the discovery of the plot against the king, who is set from London, and that the scene is to be transported to London.' *Interval.*

Day 2. Act II. Sc. i. London (? Eastcheap). *Interval.*

Day 3. Act II. Sc. ii. Southampton; Sc. iii. London (Falstaff is dead). *Interval.*

Day 4. Act ii. Sc. iv. France, the King's Palace.

3rd Chorus; 'tells of the King's departure from Hampton; his arrival at Harfleur, and of the return of his Ambassador with proposals.' *Interval.*

Day 5. Act III. Sc. i.-iii. Before Harfleur. *Interval.* [Act III. Sc. iv. *Interval*, following Day 4].

Day 6. Act III. Sc. v. Rouen. *Interval.*

Day 7. Act III. Sc. vi.; [*Interval*] first part of Sc. vii.; Blangy.

Day 8. Act III. Sc. vii. (French camp near Agincourt.)

4th Chorus (*Interval*). Act IV. Sc. i.-viii. (*with Intervals*); English camp.

5th Chorus, 'tells of Henry's journey to England and of his reception by his people; then, with excuses for passing over time and history, brings his audience straight back again to France. The historic period thus passed over dates from October 1415 to Henry's betrothal to Katharine, May 1420." *Interval.*

Day 9. Act V. Sc. ii.; (perhaps, better, the last scene should reckon as the tenth day, *vide* W. G. Stone, p. ciii.).

6th Chorus. Epilogue. (*cp.* Daniel's *Time Analysis; Trans. Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79.)

* *Cp.* W. G. Stone's Introduction to *Henry the Fifth* (*New Shak. Soc.*); an exhaustive study of the historical aspect of the play; also Courtenay's *Historical Plays of Shakespeare;* Warner's *English* History in Shakespeare.

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In no other play has Shakespeare attempted so bold an experiment in the dramatisation of war; nowhere else has he made so emphatic an apology for disregarding the unities of time and place, nor put forth so clear a vindication of the rights of the imagination in the romantic drama; he seems, indeed, to point directly to Sidney's famous comment on the scenic poverty of the stage,*—"*Two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field*,"—when his Chorus makes the mock avowal:—

> "O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt." †

The theme, as well as its treatment and the spirit which informs the whole, is essentially epic and lyrical rather than dramatic, and the words addressed by Ben Jonson to the arch-patriot among English poets, the poet of the *Ballad of Agincourt*, 'his friend, Michael Drayton,' ‡ might more justly be applied to the patriot-dramatist of Agincourt:—

> "LOOK HOW WE READ THE SPARTANS WERE INFLAMED
> WITH BOLD TYRTÆUS' VERSE; WHEN THOU ART NAMED
> SO SHALL OUR ENGLISH YOUTHS URGE ON, AND CRY
> AN AGINCOURT! AN AGINCOURT! OR DIE."

* *Cp. Apology for Poetry* (Arber's *Reprint*, pp. 63, 64).

† Prol. iv. 49-52.

‡ Ben Jonson's '*Vision on the Muses of his Friend, Michael Drayton*.' Jonson seems to have objected to Shakespeare's method in *Henry V.* *Cp.* Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* (added to the play after 1601):—

> "*He rather prays, you will be pleased to see*
> *One such, to-day, as other plays should be;*
> *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas*," &c.

Towards the end of his career, in his *Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare spoke again, in the person of the Chorus Time, in defence of his "*power to overthrow law and in one self-born hour to plant and o'erwhelm custom*" (*vide* Preface, p. x.).

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The prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night-piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind, that the peculiar grandeur of the actions described cannot be developed on a narrow stage, and that they must, therefore, supply, from their own imaginations, the deficiencies of the representation. As the matter was not properly dramatic, Shakespeare chose to wander in the form also beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing, as a poetical herald, what he could not represent to the eye, rather than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long descriptions in the mouths of the dramatic personages. The confession of the poet that "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill-disposed, can only disgrace the name of Agincourt" (a scruple which he has overlooked in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi), brings us here naturally to the question how far, generally speaking, it may be suitable and advisable to represent wars and battles on the stage. The Greeks have uniformly renounced them: as in the whole of their theatrical system they proceeded on ideas of grandeur and dignity, a feeble and petty imitation of the unattainable would have appeared insupportable in their eyes. With them, consequently, all fighting was merely recounted. The principle of the romantic dramatists was altogether different: their wonderful pictures were infinitely larger than their theatrical means of visible execution; they were everywhere obliged to count on the willing imagination of the spectators, and consequently they also relied on them in this point."

SCHLEGEL.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Fifth.*
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*
DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same*
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES *the Sixth, King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*
KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*
ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

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The Life of
King Henry V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:

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Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,

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Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:

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List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,

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Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.

The same. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Sālique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bōw your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

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For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant':
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;

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Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,

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King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

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Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,

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Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there 's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin':
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,

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Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

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Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;

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Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common

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That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,

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Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armorers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,

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What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

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Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

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Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!

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The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.
[*Exeunt Hostess and boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We

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must to France together: why the devil should
we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of
you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be
enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you
at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly
to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked
of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most

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lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that 's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

Scene II.

Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

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And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

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Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,

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That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

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As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,

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And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,

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Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

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Nym. They say he cried out of sack.
Host. Ay, that a' did.
Bard. And of women.
Host. Nay, that a' did not.
Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.
Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.
Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.
Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.
Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?
Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.
Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.
Pist. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay':
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!
Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.
Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

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Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.
Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.
Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

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Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;

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And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

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Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

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For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read

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In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:

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Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

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Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot,
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

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Scene II.

The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!

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Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds: for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes

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against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my

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particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk,

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and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

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Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness

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When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,

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The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

Scene IV.

The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

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Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant

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les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

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Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

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The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and

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my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good

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truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal;
I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' uttered as brave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his

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return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of

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Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at

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Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise
an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak
upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England
shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and
admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ransom; which must proportion the
losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost,
the disgrace we have digested; which in weight
to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For
our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the
effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom
too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own
person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and
worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance:
and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his
followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.
So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France

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Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

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Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent

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tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.

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Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

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Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

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Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord Grandpré.
Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.
Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!
Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.
Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.
Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.
Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.
Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.
Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?
Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT FOURTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

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So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*

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Scene I.

The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon

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Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glou. We shall, my liege.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exeunt all but King.*
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.

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Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The figo for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you; God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.
Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.
Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?
Gow. I will speak lower.
Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.
[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

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K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him

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with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left.

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I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His

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beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as

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well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

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Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

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The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;

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Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

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Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.
Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our glory will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,

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And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.
Exe. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury.*
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,

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The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

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Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:

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For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

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With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The field of battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

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Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites

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vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me!

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Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitain. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

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Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

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And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece

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of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive: and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indif-

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ferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on you hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,

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And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.

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K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it Agincourt.
K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.
K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.
Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.
K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.
Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!
K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.
Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.
K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

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Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

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K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an 't please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

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Some hidden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there is no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Before King Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment in plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

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Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

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K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald shews him another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

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None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an 't please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum';
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

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Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;

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As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

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Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats..

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

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Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb,

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he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice, and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

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Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

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Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects

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You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.
Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.
K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.
Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.
Q. Isa. She hath good leave.
[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*
K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

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Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you': then if you urge me farther than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to

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dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation: only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face

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will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

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K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to

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deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

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Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtsey to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there

is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

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K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

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Where your majesty demands, that the King of
France, having any occasion to write for matter
of grant, shall name your highness in this form
and with this addition, in French, Notre très-
cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de
France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius
noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;

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That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

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The Court of Henry V.
From a MS. in Corpus Christi College Library, Cambridge.

Glossary.

A', he; (Rowe, "*he*"); II. iii. 11.

Abounding, rebounding, (?) a bounding; (Quartos, "*abundant*"; Theobald, "*a bounding*"); IV. iii. 104.

Abutting, contiguous; Prol. I. 21.

Accept, acceptance (? accepted); V. ii. 82.

Accomplishing, equipping, giving the finishing touches to; Prol. IV. 12.

Accompt, account; Prol. I. 17.

Achievement; "for a," *i.e.* "instead of achieving a victory," (Malone, others, "to bring the affair to a conclusion"); III. v. 60.

Act, practice, working; I. ii. 189.

Addiction, inclination; I. i. 54.

Addrest, ready; III. iii. 58.

Admiration, astonishment; II. ii. 108.

Advance, raise, unfurl: II. ii. 192.

Advantageable. advantageous; V. ii. 88.

Advantages. interest, additions; IV. iii. 50.

Adventures, risks; IV. i. 117.

Advice; "on his more a," on better consideration; II. ii. 43.

Advised; "be a.," consider; I. ii. 251.

Afeard, afraid; IV. i. 144.

Affiance, confidence; II. ii. 127.

After, afterwards; IV. ii. 59.

All-unable, very weak; Epil. 1.

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All-watched, spent in watching; Prol. IV. 38.
Ancient, ensign; II. i. 3.
Annoy, hurt; II. ii. 102.
Another, the other; I. ii. 113.
Answer, be ready for battle; II. iv. 3.
Antics, buffoons; (Folios, "*Antiques*") III. ii. 31.
Apace, quickly; IV. viii. 3.
Appearance, sight, visibleness; (Folios 1, 2, "*apparance*"); II. ii. 76.
Appertinents, appurtenances; II. ii. 87.
Apprehension, perception; III. vii. 139.
Approbation, attestation, ratification; I. ii. 19.
Apt, ready; II. ii. 86.
Arbitrement, decision; IV. i. 165.
Argument, cause of quarrel; III. i 21; theme, III. vii. 37.
Armour, suit of armour; III. vii. 1.
Assays, hostile attempts; (Malone, "*essays*"); I. ii. 151.
As were, as though there were; II. iv. 20.
Athwart, across; Prol. V. 9.
Attaint, infection; Prol. IV. 39.
Aunchient, ensign; V. i. 17.
Aunchient lieutenant (so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, "*auncient*"; Malone from Quartos, "*ensign*"), "Ancient," Pistol's title according to Fluellen; III. vi. 13.
Avaunt, away, begone; III. ii. 20.
Awkward, unfair; II. iv. 85.

Balls, (1) eyeballs, (2) canon-balls; V. ii. 17.
Balm, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. i. 269.
Bankrupt (Folios, "*banqu'rout*"); IV. ii. 43.
Bar, impediment, exception; I. ii. 35; "barrier, place of congress" (Johnson); V. ii. 27.
Barbason, the name of a fiend; II. i. 56.
Basilisks, (1) serpents who were supposed to kill by a glance; (2) large cannon; used in both senses of the word; V. ii. 17.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

Bate, flap the wings, as the hawk does when, unhooded, she tries to fly at the game (used quibblingly); III. vii. 116.
Battle, army; Prol. IV. 9.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; III. ii. 24.
Beaver, visor of a helmet; IV. ii. 44.
Become, grace; I. ii. 8.
Before-breach, breach committed in former time; IV. i. 177.
Beguiling, deceiving; IV. i. 169.
Bending, bending beneath the burden of the task; (Warburton conj. "*blending*"); Epil. 2.
Bend up, strain (like a bow); III. i. 16.
Bent, (1) glance, (2) aim; V. ii. 16.
Beshrew, a mild oath; V. ii. 237.
Besmirch'd, soiled, stained; IV. iii. 110.
Best, bravest; III. ii. 38.
Bestow yourself, repair to your post; IV. iii. 68.
Blood, temperament, passion; II. ii. 133.

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Bloody, bloodthirsty; II. iv. 51.
—— "b. flag," *i.e.* signal of bloody war; I. ii. 101.
Bolted, sifted; II. ii. 137.
Bonnet, covering of the head, cap; IV. i. 218.
Book, to register; IV. vii. 76.
Boot; "make b.," make booty; I. ii. 194.
Bootless, uselessly; III. iii. 24.
Bottoms, ships, vessels; Prol. III. 12.
Bound; "b. my horse," *i.e.* make my horse curvet; V. ii. 142.
Braggart, boaster; (Folios, "*Braggard*"); II. i. 63.
Brave, bravely decked, finely appointed; Prol. III. 5.
Bravely, making a fine show; IV. iii. 69.
Break, rend, III. iii. 40; disclose, V. ii. 260.
Breath, breathing time; II. iv. 145.
Brim (used adjectivally); I. ii. 150, 151.
Bring, accompany; II. iii. 1.
Broached, spitted; Prol. V. 32.
Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'"; (Chappell; W. A. Wright); V. ii. 258.
Bruised, battered, dented; Prol. V. 18.
Bubukles, a corruption of carbuncles; (Quartos, "*pumples*"; Capell, "*pupuncles*"); III. vi. 107.
Buffet, box; V. ii. 141.
Bully, dashing fellow; IV. i. 48.
Burnet, the name of a herb (*sanguisorba officinalis*); V. ii. 49.
But, used after a strong asseveration; III. v. 12.
Cadwallader, the last of the Welsh Kings; V. i. 28.
Capet, *i.e.* Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the French Kings; I. ii. 78.
Capital, chief; V. ii. 96.
Captived, taken captive; II. iv. 55.
Career, race; (Folios 1, 2, "*Carriere*"); III. iii. 23.
Careers, gallopings of a horse backwards and forwards; a course run at full speed; "passes careers" probably = "indulges in sallies of wit"; II. i. 130.
Careful, full of care; IV. i. 240.
Carefully, "more than c.," *i.e.* "with more than common care"; II. iv. 2.
Carry coals, pocket insults; III. ii. 49.
Case, set of four; a musical allusion; III. ii. 4.
Casques, helmets; (Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Caskes*," Folio 4, "*Casket*"); Prol. I. 13.
Casted, cast, cast off; IV. i. 23.
Chace, a term in the game of tennis; a match played at tennis; I. ii. 266
Chanced, happened; Prol. V. 40.
Charge, load, burden; I. ii. 15.
Chattels, goods generally; II. iii. 50.
Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 192.
Childeric, the Merovingian king; I. ii. 65.
Choler, wrath, anger; IV. vii. 188.
Christom, "a white vesture put upon the child after baptism; in the bills of mortality such children as died within the month were called "*chrisoms*"; (Quartos 1, 3, "*crysombd*," Johnson, "*chrisom*"); II. iii. 12.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 25.
Clear thy crystals, "dry thine eyes"; II. iii. 56.
Close, cadence, union; (Folio 2, "*cloze*"); I. ii. 182.
Cloy'd, surfeited, satiated; II. ii. 9.
Comes o'er, reminds, taunts; I. ii. 267.
Companies, company, companions; I. i. 55.

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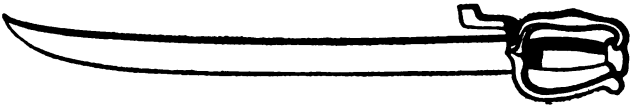
Compassing, obtaining; IV. i. 303.
Compelled, enforced, exacted; III. vi. 114.
Complement, external appearance; (Theobald, "*compliment*"); II. ii. 134.
Compound with, come to terms with; IV. vi. 33.
Con, learnt by heart; III. vi. 78.
Condition, temper, character; V. ii. 305.
Condole, lament, sympathize with; II. i. 131.
Conduct; "safe c.," escort, guard; I. ii. 297.
Confounded, ruined, wasted; III. i. 13.
Congreeing, agreeing; (Pope, "*Congruing*," Quartos, "*Congrueth*"); I. ii. 182.
Congreeted, greeted each other; V. ii. 31.
Conscience, inmost thoughts, private opinion; IV. i. 119.
Consent, harmony, a musical term, I. ii. 181; unity of opinion, II. ii. 22.
Consideration, meditation, reflection; I. i. 28.
Consign, agree; V. ii. 90.
Constant, unshaken; II. ii. 133.
Constraint, compulsion; II. iv. 97.
Contemplation, observation; I. i. 63.
Contrariously, in contrary ways; I. ii. 206.
Contrived, plotted; IV. i. 168.
Convey'd, secretly contrived to pass off; I. ii. 74.
Convoy, conveyance; IV. iii. 37.
Coranto, a quick and lively dance; (Johnson's emendation of Folios, "*Carranto*"); III. v. 33.
Corroborate (one of Pistol's meaningless words); II. i. 128.
Couch down, crouch down, stoop down; IV. ii. 37.
Coulter, plough-share; Folios, "*Culter*"); V. ii. 46.
Counterfeit, dissembling; V. i. 72.
Couple a gorge! = coupe la gorge, perhaps merely Pistol's blunder; II. i. 74.
Coursing, hunting after booty, marauding; I. ii. 143.
Courtsey, bow, yield; (Folios, "*curtsie*"); V. ii. 285.
Cousin, used as a title of courtesy; I. ii. 4.
Cox, cousin; (Folios, "*couze*"); IV. iii. 30.
Create, created; II. ii. 31.
Crescive, growing; (Folios, 1, 2, 3, "*cressive*"; Folio 4, *crescive*); I. i. 66.
Crispin Crispian, two brothers who suffered martyrdom; the patron saints of shoemakers; IV. iii. 57.
Crush'd, forced, strained; (Quartos, Pope, "*curst*," Warburton, "*'scus'd*"); I. ii. 175.
Cullions, base wretches: a term of abuse; III. ii. 21.
Cunning, skill; V. ii. 146.
Currance, current, flow; (Folio 1, "*currance*"; Folios, 2, 3, "*currant*"; Folio 4, "*current*"); I. i 34.
Cursorary, cursory (Folios, "*cursel arie*"); V. ii. 77.
Curtains, banners, used contemptuously; IV. ii. 41.
Curtle-axe, a corruption of cutlass, a broad, curved sword; IV. ii. 21.



A XVIIth cent. Curtle-Ax (see I. iii. 116).

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Dalliance, trifling, toying; Prol. II. 2.
Dare, make to crouch in fear; a term of falconry; IV. ii. 36.
Dark, darkness; Prol. IV. 2.
Dauphin, the heir-apparent to the throne of France; (Folios, Quartos, "*Dolphin*"); I. ii. 221.
Dear, grievous; II. ii. 181.
Defendant, defensive: II. iv. 8.
Defensible, capable of offering resistance; III. iii. 50.
Defunction, death; I. ii. 58.
Degree; "of his d.," *i.e.* "of one of his rank"; IV. vii. 143.
Deracinate, uproot; V. ii. 47.
Diffused, wild, disordered; Folios 1, 2, "*defus'd*"); V. ii. 61.
Digest, reduce to order; (Pope, "*well digest*," for "*we'll digest*"); Prol. II. 31.
Digested, concocted; II. ii. 56.
Discuss, explain; III. ii. 65.
Dishonest, immoral, unchaste; (so Holinshed's 2nd edition; Capell, from Holinshed's 1st edition, "*unhonest*"); I. ii. 49.
Distemper, mental derangement, perturbation; II. ii. 54.
Distressful, hard earned; Collier MS., "*distasteful*"); IV. i. 279.
Dout, extinguish, put out; IV. ii. 11.
Down-roping, hanging down in filaments; IV. ii. 48.
Drench, physic for a horse; III v. 19.
Dress us, address ourselves, prepare ourselves; IV. i. 10.
Dull'd, made insensible; (Folios 3, 4, "*lull'd*"; Steevens, "*dol'd*"); II. ii. 9.

Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand in pledge of a bargain; II. ii. 169.
Eke out, piece, lengthen out; (Pope's emendation, Folio 1, "*eech*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*ech*"); Prol. III. 35.
Element, sky; IV. i. 103.
Embassy, message, I. i. 95; mission, I. ii. 240.
Embattled, arrayed for battle; IV. ii. 14.
Empery, empire; I. ii. 226.
Emptying, issue; III. v. 6.
End, end of the matter; (Steevens, from Quartos, "*the humour of it*"); II. i. 10.
English, *i.e.* English King, or General; II. iv. 1.
Englutted, engulfed, swallowed up; IV. iii. 83.
Enlarge, release from prison, set at liberty; II. ii. 40.
Enow, enough; IV. i. 232.
Enrounded, surrounded; Prol. IV. 36.
Enscheduled, formally drawn up in writing; V. ii. 73.
Estate, state; IV. i. 96.
Even, "the e. of it," just what it is; II. i. 126.
Evenly, directly, in a straight line; II. iv. 91.
Even-pleach'd, evenly interturned; V. ii. 42.
Exception, disapprobation, objections; II. iv. 34.
Executors, executioners; I. ii. 203.
Exhale, draw; (according to Steevens, "die"); II. i. 65.
Exhibiters, the introducers of a bill to Parliament; I. i. 74.
Expedience, expedition; IV. iii. 70.
Expedition, march; II. ii. 191.

Faced, outfaced (used quibblingly); III. vii. 86.
Faculty, latent power; I. i. 66.
Fain, gladly, willingly; I. i. 85.
Fantastically, capriciously; II. iv. 27.
Farced, "f. title," "stuffed out with pompous phrases" (alluding perhaps to the herald going before the King to proclaim his full title; IV. i. 272.
Fatal and neglected, *i.e.* "fatally neglected; neglected to our destruction"; II. iv. 13.

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Favour, appearance, aspect; V. ii. 63.
Fear'd, frightened; I. ii. 155.
Fell, cruel; III. iii. 17.
Fer, a word (probably meaningless) coined by Pistol, playing upon "Monsieur le Fer"; IV. iv. 27.
Ferret, worry (as a ferret does a rabbit); IV. iv. 28.
Fet, fetched; III. i. 18.
Fetlock, hair behind the pastern joint of horses; IV. vii. 82.
Few; "in f.," in brief, in a few words; I. ii. 245.
Figo, a term of contempt, accompanied by a contemptuous gesture; the word and habit came from Spain; hence "the fig of Spain"; (Ornaments similar to the one here represented were much favoured in the XVIth century); III. vi. 59.

From an original specimen.

Fig of Spain, possibly an allusion to the poisoned figs given by Spaniards to the objects of their revenge (Steevens); according to others, = figo; III. vi. 61.
Find, furnish, provide; Quartos, Pope, "*fine*"); I. ii. 72.
Find-faults, fault-finders; V. ii. 289.
Finer end, probably Mrs Quickly's error for "final end"; II. iii. 11.
Firk, beat, drub (Pistol's cant); IV. iv. 27.
Fits, befits, becomes; II. iv. 11.
Flesh'd, fed with flesh like a hound trained for the chase, II. iv. 50; hardened in bloodshed, III. iii. 11.
Flexure, bending; IV. i. 264.
Floods, rivers; I. ii. 45.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys, the emblem of France; V. ii. 219.
Footed, landed; II. iv. 143.
For, "cold f. action," *i.e.* cold for want of action; I. ii. 114.
'Fore God, before God, a mild oath; II. ii. 1.
Forespent, past; II. iv. 36.
For us, as for us, as regards ourself; II. iv. 113.
Fox, sword; IV. iv. 8.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 128.
France, the King of France; Prol. II. 20.
Freely, liberally; I. ii. 231.
French; "the French," = the French King, or general; IV. iv. 77.
French hose, wide loose breeches; III. vii. 55.
Fret, chafe; IV. vii. 82.
Friend, befriend; IV. v. 17.
Fright, frighten; V. ii. 241.
From; "f. the answer" beyond, above answering the challenge; IV. vii. 142.
Full-fraught, fully freighted, fully laden with all virtues; II. ii. 139.
Fumitory, the name of a plant; (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*fementary*"); V. iii. 45.

Gage, pledge; IV. i. 217.
Galled, worn away; III. i. 12.
Galliard, a nimble and lively dance I. ii. 252.
Galling, harassing, I. ii. 151; scoffing, V. i. 77.
Gamester, player; III. vi. 118.
Garb, style; V. i. 79.

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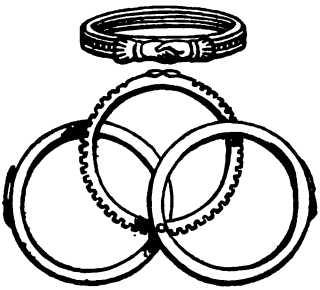
Gentle, make gentle, ennoble; IV. iii. 63.
Gentles, gentlefolks; Prol. I. 8.
Gesture, bearing; Prol. IV. 25.
Giddy, hot-brained, inconstant; I. ii. 145.
Gilt, used with a play upon "guilt"; Prol. II. 26.
Gimmal bit, a bit consisting of rings or links; (Folios, "*Iymold*"); IV. ii. 49. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a silver gilt specimen in the Londesborough collection.

Girded, enclosed, besieged; Prol. III. 27.
Gleaned, bare of defenders, undefended; I. ii. 151.
Gleeking, scoffing; V. i. 77.
Glistering, glittering, shining; II. ii. 117.
Gloze, interpret; I. ii. 40.
Go about, attempt; IV. i. 208.
God before, before God I swear; I. ii. 307.
God-den, good evening, I wish good evening; III. ii. 89.
Good leave, permission; V. ii. 98.
Gordian knot, "the celebrated knot of the Phrygian King Gordius, untied by Alexander"; I. i. 46.
Grace, ornament; Prol. II. 28.
Grant; "in g. of," by granting; II. iv. 121.
Grazing (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*grasing*"; Folio 1, "*crasing*"); IV. iii. 105.
Greenly, sheepishly, foolishly; V. ii. 145.
Groat, a coin worth four pence; V. i. 60.
Gross, palpable; II. ii. 103.
Guidon, standard; (Folios, "*Guard: on*"); IV. ii. 60.
Gulf, whirlpool; II. iv. 10.
Gun-stones, cannon balls, which were originally made of stone; I. ii. 282.

Had, would have; IV. i. 289.
Haggled, cut, mangled; IV. vi. 11.
Hampton, Southampton; II. ii. 91.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 51.
Handle, talk of; II. iii. 39.
Haply, perhaps, perchance; (Folio 1, "*Happily*"; Folios 2, 3, "*Happely*"); V. ii. 93.
Hard-favour'd, ugly; III. i. 8.
Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; I. ii. 220.
Harfleur; (Folios, "*Harflew*"); Prol. III. 17, *etc.*
Hazard (technical term of tennis); I. ii. 263.
Head; "in h," in armed force; II. ii. 18.
Heady, headstrong; (Folio 1, "*headly*"; Capell conj. "*deadly*"); III. iii. 32.
Heaps; "on heaps"; in heaps; V. ii. 39.
Hearts, courage, valour; IV. i. 301.
Held, withheld, kept back; II. iv. 94.
Helm, helmet; IV. vii. 163.
Heroical, heroic; II. iv. 59.
Hilding, mean, base; (Prof. Skeat makes *hilding* a contraction for *hildering* = M.E., *hinderling* = base, degenerate); IV. ii. 29.
Hilts, a sword; used as singular; Prol. II. 9.
His, its; I. i. 66.

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Honour-owing, honourable; IV. vi. 9.
Hooded, "a h. valour," *i.e.* covered, hidden as the hawk is hooded till it was let fly at the game; a term of falconry (used quibbingly); III. vii. 115.

From MS. Sloane 3794 (*temp.* Elizabeth).

Hoop, shout with surprise; (Folios 1, 2, "*hoope*"; Theobald, "*whoop*"); II. ii. 108.
Hound of Crete, (?) bloodhound; (perhaps mere Pistolian rant); II. i. 76.
Humorous, capricious; II. iv. 28.
Humour, II. i. 57, 62, 73 (used by Nym).
Husbandry, thrift, IV. i. 7; tillage, V. ii. 39.
Huswife, hussy; V. i. 84.
Hydra-headed, alluding to the many headed serpent, which put forth new heads as soon as the others were struck off; I. i. 35.
Hypérion, the god of the Sun; (Folio 1, "*Hiperio*"); IV. i. 284.

Iceland dog (*v.* Note); II. i. 43.
Ill-favouredly, in an ugly manner; IV. ii. 40.
Imaginary, imaginative; Prol. I. 18.
Imagined, "i. wing," *i.e.* the wings of imagination; Prol. III. 1.
Imbar, (?) bar, exclude; or, (?) secure (*v.* Note); I. ii. 94.
Imp, scion, shoot; IV. i. 45.
Impawn, pawn, pledge; I. ii. 21.
Impeachment, hindrance; III. vi. 150.
In, into; I. ii. 184.
In, by reason of; I. ii. 193.
Incarnate, misunderstood by Mistress Quickly for the colour, and confused with "carnation"; II. iii. 34.
Inconstant, fickle; Prol. III. 15.
Indirectly, wrongfully; II. iv. 94.
Infinite, boundless; V. ii. 159.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 95.
Inly, inwardly; Prol. IV. 24.
Instance, cause, motive; II. ii. 119.
Intendment, bent, aim; I. ii. 144.
Intertissued, interwoven; IV. i. 271.
Into, unto; I. ii. 102.
Is (so Folios; Quartos, '*are*'); = are, (by attraction); I. ii. 243.
Issue, pour forth tears; IV. vi. 34.
It, its; V. ii. 40.

Jack-an-apes, monkey; V. ii. 143.
Jack-sauce, Saucy Jack; IV. vii. 148.
Jades, a term of contempt or pity, for ill-conditioned horses; IV. ii. 46.
Jealousy, suspicion, apprehension; II. ii. 126.
Jewry, Judea; III. iii. 40.
Just, exact, precise; IV. vii. 122.
Jutty, project beyond; III. i. 13.

Kecksies, dry hemlock stems, (Folios 1, 2, "*keksyes*"); V. ii. 52.
Kern; "k. of Ireland," a light-armed Irish soldier; III. vii. 55. (*Cp.* illustration in *Richard II.*)

Larding, enriching, fattening; (Collier MS., "*Loading*"); IV. vi. 8.
Late, lately appointed; II. ii. 61.
Lavolta, a *waltz-like* kind of dance; III. v. 33.
Lay apart, put off, lay aside; II. iv. 78.

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Lay down, estimate; I. ii. 137.
Lazars, beggars, especially lepers; I. i. 15.
Leas, arable land; V. ii. 44.
Legerity, alacrity, lightness; (Folios 3, 4, "*celerity*"); IV. i. 23.
Let, hindrance, impediment; V. ii. 65.
Lief, gladly, willingly; (Folio 1, "*liue*," Folios 3, 4, "*liue*"); III. vii. 61.
Lieu, "in l. of this," *i.e.* in return for this; I. ii. 255.
Lig, lie; III. ii. 123.
Like, likely; I. i. 3.
Likelihood, probability; Prol. V. 29.
Likes, pleases; Prol. III. 32.
Likes me, pleases me; IV. i. 16.
Line, pedigree; (Quartos, "*lines*"); II. iv. 88.
Line, strengthen; II. iv. 7.
Lineal, lineally descended; in the direct line of descent; I. ii. 82.
Lingare, Charlemagne's fifth wife (according to Ritson); I. ii. 74.
Linger on, prolong, draw out; Prol. II. 31.
Linstock, the stick which holds the gunner's match; Prol. III. 33.
List, boundary, limit; V. ii. 287.
List, listen to; I. i. 43.
Lob down, droop; IV. ii. 47.
Lodging, entering into the fold; III. vii. 34.
'*Long*, belong; (Folios, "*longs*"); II. iv. 80.
Loosed, loosened, shot off; I. ii. 207.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. iv. 18.
Luxury, lust; III. v. 6.

Majestical, majestic; Prol. III. 16.
Marches, borders, border-country; I. ii. 140.
Masters, possesses, is master of; (Quartos, "*musters*"); II. iv. 137.
Maw, stomach; II. i. 51.
May, can; Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 100.
Measure, dancing (used equivocally); V. ii. 137.
Meet, seemly, proper; II. iv. 15.
Meeter, more fit; I. ii. 254.
Mercenary blood, blood of mercenaries, hired soldiers; IV. vii 79.
Mervailous, one of Pistol's words; (Folios 3, 4, "*marvellous*"); II. i. 49.
Mickle, much, great; II. i. 69.
Might, could; IV. v. 21.
Mind, remind; IV. iii. 13.
Minding, remembering, calling to mind; Prol. IV. 53.
Miscarry, die, perish; IV. i. 152.
Miscreate, falsely invented; I. ii. 16.
Mistful, blinded by tears; (Folios "*mixtful*"); IV. vi. 34.
Mistook, mistaken; III. vi. 84.
Mistress-court, suggested by the game of tennis; II. iv. 133.
Model, image; Prol. II. 16.
Monmouth caps, "the best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Cappers' Chapel doth still remain" (Fuller's *Worthies of Wales*); IV. vii. 104.

Monmouth cap.
From a portrait of Sir William Stanley (*temp.* Elizabeth).

Morris-dance, an old dance on festive occasions, as at Whitsuntide; the reason for its connection with "Moorish" is not quite clear;

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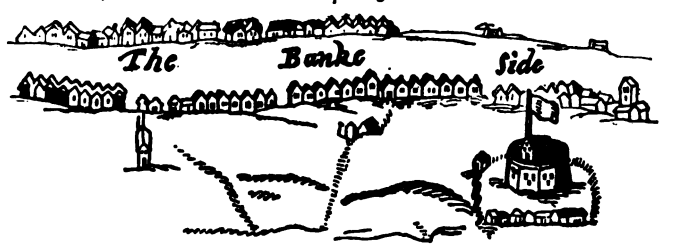
perhaps from the use of the tabor as an accompaniment to it; II. iv. 25.

Whitsun Morris dance.
From a XVIIth-century woodcut.

Mortified, killed; I. i. 26.
Mould; "men of m.," men of earth, poor mortals; III. ii. 22.
Mounted (technical term of falconry); IV. i. 107.
Moys = "*muys*, or *muids*," (according to Cotgrave), = about five quarters English measure; 27 moys = two tons (Donce) (not *moi d'or* as Johnson suggested, a coin of Portuguese origin unknown in Shakespeare's time); IV. iv. 12.
Much at one, much about the same; V. ii. 200.

Narrow, "n. ocean," *i.e.* the English Channel; Prol. I. 22.
Native; "n. punishment," *i.e.* inflicted in their own country; IV. i. 173.
Natural, consonant to nature; II. ii. 107.
Net, specious sophistry; I. ii. 93.
New, anew; IV. i. 304.
Nice, trivial, prudish; V. ii. 285.
Nicely, sophistically, I. ii. 15; fastidiously, V. ii. 94.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 110.
Nook-shotten; "n. isle," *i.e.* "isle spawned in a corner, or flung into a corner"; (Warburton and others, "an isle shooting out into capes, promontories, etc."); III. v. 14.
Note, notice, intelligence, II. ii. 6; sign, Prol. IV. 35.
Nothing, "offer n.," *i.e.* no violence; II. i. 41.

O, "wooden O.," *i.e.* the Globe Theatre, which was of wood and circular in shape inside, though ex-Ornally octagonal; the sign of the Globe was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe, with the motto, "Totus mundus agit histrionem"; it is difficult to determine whether the name suggested the sign or *vice versa*; Prol. I. 13.



The Globe Theatre.
From an early undated drawing in the British Museum.

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Odds, discord, contention; II. iv. 129.
O'erblows, blows away; III. iii. 31.
O'erwhelm, overhang, hang down upon; III. i. 11.
Of, against; (Quartos, "*on*"), II. iii. 29, 31; with, III. vii. 9; for, IV. i. 109.
On, of; V. ii. 23.
Ooze, soft mud, (Quartos, Folios, "*owse*"); I. ii. 164.
Order, arrange; Prol. V. 39.
Ordnance, cannon, (Folios, "*Ordinance*"; Quartos, "*ordenance*"); trisyllabic; II. iv. 126.
Orisons, prayers; II. ii. 53.
Ostent, external show; Prol. V. 21.
Out, fully, completely; IV. i. 166.
Over-bears, subdues, bears down; Prol. IV. 39.
Overlook, rise above, overtop; (Quartos, "*outgrow*"); III. v. 9.
Over-lusty, too lively; Prol. IV. 18.
Overshot, beaten in shooting, put to shame; III. vii. 128.

Paction, alliance; (Theobald's emendation; Folios 1, 2, "*pation*"; Folios 3, 4, "*passion*"); V. ii. 384.
Paly, pale; Prol. IV. 8.
Paper, "thy cheeks are p.," *i.e.* white as paper, pale; II. ii. 74.
Parca, one of the three Fates who spin the threads of life; V. i. 21.
Parle, parley; III. iii. 2.
Parley, conference; III. ii. 146.
Part, side; I. i. 73.
Parts, divisions in music; I. ii. 181, from Holinshed.
Pass, passage; Prol. II. 39.
Passes, *v.* "careers."
Pasterns, legs; (Folio 1, "*postures*"); III. vii. 13.
Pauca, in few words; II. i. 82.
Pax, a mistake for "pix," the box containing the consecrated host; ("pax" = the small piece of wood or metal, impressed with the figure of Christ, which the laity kissed); Quartos, "*packs*"; Theobald, from Holinshed, "*pin*"); III. vi. 42.
Pay, repay, requite; IV. i. 205.
Peer, appear; IV. vii. 88.
Peevish, foolish; III. vii. 136.
Pepin, "King P.," the founder of the Carlovingian dynasty; I. ii. 65.
Perdition, loss; III. vi. 102.
Perdurable, lasting; IV. v. 7.
Perdy, par Dieu, by God; II. i. 51.
Peremptory, decisive; V. ii. 82.
Perforce, of necessity; V. ii. 157.
Perspectively, as in a perspective picture; V. ii. 339.
Pharamond, a King of the Franks; I. ii. 37.
Pibble pabble, idle prattle; IV. i. 71.
Pioners, pioneers; III. ii. 91.
Pitch and pay, a proverbial saying, = "pay ready money"; II. iii. 51.
Pith, force, strength; Prol. III. 21.
Plain-song, simple air without variations; a musical term; III. ii. 6.
Play, play for; Prol. IV. 19.
Pleasant, merry, facetious; I. ii. 281.
Pleaseth, may it please; V. ii. 78.
Poison'd, poisonous; IV. i. 260.
Policy; "cause of p.," political question; I. i. 45.
Popular, vulgar, plebeian; IV. i. 38.
Popularity, publicity; I. i. 59.
Port, deportment, carriage; Prol. I. 6.
Portage, porthole; "p. of the head," *i.e.* eye; III. i. 10.
Possess, affect, fill; IV. i. 111
Practic, practical; I. i. 51.
Practices, plots; II. ii. 90.
Precepts, commands, summons; III. iii. 26.
Preposterously, against the natural order of things; II. ii. 112.
Prescript, prescribed; III. vii. 48.
Presence; "in p.," present; II. iv. 111.
Present, immediate; II. iv 67.

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Presenteth, shews; (Folios, "*Presented*"); Prol. IV. 27.
Presently, immediately, now, at once; II. i. 92.
Prey; "in p.," in search of prey; I. ii. 169.
Prize, estimate, rate; II. iv. 119.
Proceeding on, caused by; II. ii. 54.
Projection, plain calculation; II. iv. 46.
Proportion, be proportioned to; III. vi. 133.
Proportions, calculation, necessary numbers; I. ii. 137.
Puissance, power, armed force; Prol. I. 25.
Puissant, powerful, valiant; I. ii. 116.

Qualitie calmie custure me! IV. iv. 3 (*vide* Note).
Question, discussion; I. i. 5.
Quick, alive, living; II. ii. 79.
Quit, acquit; II. ii. 166.
Quittance, requital, recompense; II. ii. 34.
Quotidian tertian, Mrs Quickly's confusion of *quotidian* fever (*i.e.* marked by *daily* paroxysms), and *tertian* fever (*i.e.* marked by paroxysms recurring *every three days*); II i. 122.

Raught, reached; (Folios, 3, 4, "*caught*"); IV. vi. 21.
Rawly, without due provision; IV. i. 143.
Reduce, reconduct, bring back; V. ii. 63.
Relapse of mortality, a rebound of death; IV. iii. 107.
Remembering, reminding; Prol. V. 43.
Rendezvous, one of Nym's blunders; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*rendeuous*"); II. i. 17.
Renowned, made renowned; I. ii. 118.
Repent, regret; II. ii. 152.
Requiring, asking; II. iv. 101.
Resolved, satisfied; I. ii. 4.
Respect, reason, consideration; V. i. 74.
Rest, resolve; (= stake, wager; technical term of the old game of primero); II. i. 16.
Retire, retreat; IV. iii. 86.
Returns, answers; III. iii. 46.
Rheumatic, Mrs Quickly's blunder for *lunatic*; II. iii. 40.
Rim, midriff; IV. iv. 13.
Rites, ceremonies, sacred observances; (Folios, "*Rights*"); IV. viii. 125.
Rivage, sea-shore; Prol. III. 14.
Road, inroad, incursions; I. ii. 138.
Robustious, sturdy; III. vii. 153.
Root upon, take root in; V. ii. 46.
Roping, hanging down; III. v. 23.
Round; "too r.," too plain-spoken; IV. i. 212.
Rub, hindrance, impediment; II. ii. 188.

Sad-eyed, grave-looking; I. ii. 202.
Safeguard, defend, keep safe; I. ii. 176.
Salique; "the law s.," the law appertaining to the Salic tribe of the Franks which excluded females from succeeding to the throne; I. ii. 11.
Sand, sand-bank; IV. i. 97.
Satisfaction, conviction; (Pope reads from Hall, "*possession*"); I. ii. 88.
Savagery, wild growth; V. ii. 47.
'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood*; IV. viii. 9.
Scaffold, stage; Prol. I. 10.
Scambling, scrambling, turbulent, I. i. 4; struggling, V. ii. 213.
Scions, originally small twigs from one tree grafted upon another; Folios, "*Syens*"); III. v. 7.
Sconce, earthwork; III. vi. 75.
Seat, throne; I. i. 88.
Security, over confidence; II. ii. 44.

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Self, self-same; I. i. 1.
Set, set out; Prol. II. 34.
Severals, details; I. i. 86.
Shales, shells; IV. ii. 18.
She, woman; II. i. 82.
Shog off, jog off, move off; a cant term; II. i. 47.
Shows, appearance; I. ii. 72.
Shows, appears; IV. i. 103.
Shrewdly, viciously; III. vii. 51.
Signal, symbol of victory; Prol. V. 21.
Signs of war, standards, ensigns; II. ii. 192.
Silken, effeminate; Prol. II. 2.
Sinfully, in a state of sin; IV. i. 152.
Sinister, unfair; II. iv. 85.
Skirr, scurry, move rapidly; (Folios, "*sker*"); IV. vii. 64.
Slips, leash; III. i. 31.
Slobbery, wet and foul; (Quartos, "*foggy*"); III. v. 13.
Slovenry, slovenliness, want of neatness; IV. iii. 114.
Snatchers, pilferers, free-booters; (Quartos, "*sneakers*"); I. ii. 143.
Soft, gentle, tender-hearted; III. iii. 48.
Sonance, sound, (Folios, "*Sonuance*"); IV. ii. 35.
Sooth, truth; III. vi. 150.
Sort, rank, degree, IV. vii. 142; style, array, Prol. V. 25.
Sorts, various ranks; (Quartos, Theobald, "*sort*"; Collier MS., "*state*"; Keightly, "*all sorts*"); I. ii. 190.
Sorts, agrees, fits; IV. i. 63.
Soul; "thy s. of adoration," the quintessence of the adoration you enjoy; (Folio 1, "*What? is thy Soule of Odoration?*"); IV. i. 254.
Speculation, looking on; IV. ii. 31.
Spend; "s. their mouths"; waste, a term of the chase, II. iv. 70; III. iii. 24.
Spiritualty, the spiritual peers, the clergy; (Folios 3, 4, "*Spirituality*"); I. ii. 132.
Spital, hospital; II. i. 77.
Sprays, branches, shoots; III. v. 5.
Staines, first stage on the road from London to Southampton; II. iii. 2.
Stands off, stand out, be prominent; (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*stand off*"); II. ii. 103.
Starts; "by s.," by fits, "by a fragmentary representation"; Epil. 4.
Stay, wait; IV. ii. 56.
Sternage; "to s. of," astern of; Prol. III. 18.
Still, continually, incessantly; I. ii. 145.
Stilly, softly; Prol. IV. 5.
Stood on, insisted upon; V. ii. 94.
Stoop, a term of falconry; a hawk is said "to stoop," when, "aloft upon her wing, she descends to strike her prey"; IV. i. 108.
Straight, straightway, at once; II. ii. 191.
Strain, stock, race; II. iv. 51.
Stretch, open wide; II. ii. 55.
Strossers, "strait str.," tight breeches; (Theobald, "*trossers*"; Hanmer, "*troussers*"); III. vii. 56.
Struck, fought; II. iv. 54.
Subscribed, signed; V. ii. 354.
Succours; "of s.," for succour; (Rowe, "*of whom succours*"); III. iii. 45.
Suddenly, soon, quickly; V. ii. 81.
Sufferance; "by his s.," by his being suffered to go unpunished; II. ii. 46.
Sufferance, suffering the penalty; II. ii. 159.
Suggest, tempt, seduce; II. ii. 114.
Sumless, inestimable; I. ii. 165.
Supply; ("for the which s.," for the supply of which); Prol. I. 31.
Sur-rein'd, over-ridden, knocked up; III. v. 19.

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Sutler, a seller of provisions and liquors to a camp; II. i. 114.
Swashers, bullies; III. ii. 29.
Swelling, growing in interest; Prol. I. 4.
Swill'd with, greedily gulped down by; III. i. 14.
Sworn brothers, bosom friends, pledged comrades; II. i. 12.
Sympathize with, agree with, resemble; III. vii. 152.

Take, take fire; (Quartos, Capell, "*talk*"), II. i. 54; catch, meet, IV. i. 228.
Tall, valiant, brave; II. i. 71.
Tartar, Tartarus, hell; II. iii. 123.
Taste, experience; II. ii. 51.
Taste, feel, experience; IV. vii. 68.
Teems, brings forth; V. ii. 51.
Tell; "I cannot tell," I do not know what to say; II. i. 21.
Temper, disposition; V. ii. 149.
Temper'd, moulded, wrought upon, influenced; II. ii. 118.
Tender, have a care for; II. ii. 175.
Tenours, purport; (Folios, "*Tenures*"); V. ii. 72.
That, so that; I. i. 47.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 52.
Threaden, made of thread; Prol. III. 10.
Tiddle taddle, tittle-tattle; IV. i. 71.
Tike, cur; II. i. 30.
To, against, II. i. 12; as, Prol. III. 30; for, III. vii. 60.
To-morrow; "on t.," *i.e.* on the morrow, in the morning; III. vi. 180.
Treasuries, treasures; I. ii. 165.
Troth-plight, troth-plighted, betrothed; II. i. 20.
Trumpet, trumpeter; IV. ii. 61; IV. vii. 59.
Tucket, a set of notes on the cornet; IV. ii. 35.
Tway, twain, two; III. ii. 127.

Umber'd, darkened as by brown ochre, (here probably the effect of the fire-light on the faces of the soldiers); Prol. IV. 9.
Uncoined; "u. constancy," *i.e.* which like an unimpressed plain piece of metal, has not yet become current coin; V. ii. 157.
Undid, would undo; V. ii. 134.
Unfurnish'd, left undefended; I. ii. 148.
Unprovided, unprepared; IV. i. 181.
Unraised, wanting in aspiration; Prol. I. 9.
Untempering, unsoftening; V. ii. 236
Upon, at, I. i. 91; by, IV. i. 19.
Urn, grave; I. ii. 228.

Vainness, vanity; Prol. V. 20.
Vasty, vast, Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 123.
Vaultages, vaulted rooms, caverns; II. iv. 124.
Vaward, vanguard; IV. iii. 130.
Venge me, avenge myself; I. ii. 292.
Venture, run the hazard of; (Folio 1, "*venter*"); I. ii. 192.
Vigil, the eve of a festival; IV. iii 45.
Voice, vote; II. ii. 113.
Void, quit; IV. vii. 62.
Vulgar, common soldiers; IV. vii. 80.

Wafer-cakes; "men's faiths are w."; *i.e.* "Promises are like pie crust"; II. iii. 53.
War-proof, valour tried in war; III i. 18.
Watchful fires, watch-fires; Prol. IV. 23.
Waxen, easily effaced, perishable; (Quartos, "*paper*"); I. ii. 233.
What though, what does that matter; II. i. 8.
Wherefore, for which; V. ii. 1.
Wheresome'er, wheresoever; II. iii. 7.
Whiffler, an officer who went in front of a procession; (originally, a *fifer* who preceded an army or a procession); Prol. V. 12.
White-livered, cowardly; III. ii. 32.

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Wight, man, person (one of Pistol's words); II. i. 63.
Willing, desiring; II. iv. 90.
Wills, wishes, desires; II. iv. 77.
Wink, shut my eyes; II. i. 7.
Wink'd at, connived at; II. ii. 55.
Winking, with their eyes shut; III. vii. 147.
Withal, with; III. v. 2.
Woe the while! alas for the time!; IV. vii. 78.
Womby, hollow, capacious; II. iv. 124.
Wooden dagger, a dagger of lath was usually carried by the Vice in the old morality plays; IV. iv. 74.
Word, motto (Rowe from Quartos 1, 3; Folios, Quarto 2, "*world*"); II. iii. 51.
Wots, knows; IV. i. 291.
Would, would have, Prol. II. 18; desire, V. ii. 68.
Wringing, suffering, pain; IV. i. 245.
Writ, written; I. ii. 98.

Yearn, grieve; (Folios 1, 2, "*erne*"; Folios 3, 4, "*yern*"); II. iii. 3; yearns, grieves; IV. iii 26.
Yerk, jerk; IV. vii. 83.
Yoke-fellows, companions; II. iii. 56.

The marriage of Henry V. and Katharine of France.
(From the MS. Cott. Jul. E. iv.)

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Richard II. knighting Harry Monmouth (afterwards Henry V.).
(From an illuminated MS.)

Notes.

Prol. I. 9. '*spirits that have dared*'; so Staunton; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*hath*'; Folio 4, '*spirit, that hath.*'

I. ii. 45, 52. '*Elbe,*' restored by Capell; Folios, '*Elue*'; (Holinshed, '*Elbe*'; Hall, '*Elve*').

I. ii. 61-64. Theobald (Warburton); *cp.* Montaigne's *Essays*, III. 9 (*vide* Florio's translation).

I. ii. 77. '*Lewis the tenth*'; the reading of Folios, following Holinshed; Pope, from Hall, reads '*ninth.*'

I. ii. 94. '*amply to imbar*'; so Folios (Folios 1, 2, '*imbarre*'); Quartos 1, 2, '*imbace,*' Quarto 3, '*imbrace*'; Rowe, '*make bare*'; Theobald (Warburton), '*imbare*'; Pope, '*openly imbrace,*' etc. Schmidt explains the lines:—"They strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, *i.e.*, without restriction or subterfuge, their own false titles." Perhaps Mr W. A. Wright's explanation is the truer, taking '*imbar*' in the sense of 'to bar in,' 'secure':—"The Kings of France, says the Archbishop, whose own right is derived only through the female line, prefer to shelter themselves under the flimsy protection of an appeal to the Salic law, which would exclude Henry's

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claim, instead of fully securing and defending their own titles by maintaining that though, like Henry's, derived through the female line, their claim was stronger than his."

I. ii. 98. '*in the Book of Numbers*'; *c.p.* Numbers xxvii. 1-11.

I. ii. 99. '*man*'; the reading of Folios; Quartos, '*sonne.*'

I. ii. 110. '*Forage in*'; Folios, '*Forrage in*'; Quarto 1, '*Foraging*'; Quarto 3, '*Forraging the.*'

I. ii. 125. '*Your grace hath cause and means.*' Hanmer reads '*Your race hath had cause, means.*' Various readings have been suggested, but there seems to be no difficulty whatever in understanding the text as it stands.

I. ii. 131. '*blood*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, '*Bloods*'; Folio 2, '*Blouds.*'

I. ii. 150. '*with ample and brim fulness*'; probably '*brim*' is here adjectival; Pope reads '*brimfulness*'; but the accent favours the present reading.

I. ii. 154. '*the ill-neighbourhood*'; Boswell, from Quartos, reads '*the bruit thereof.*'

I. ii. 163. '*her chronicle*'; Capell, Johnson conj.; Folios read '*their C.*'; Quartos, '*your Chronicles*'; Rowe, '*his Chronicle.*'

I. ii. 173. '*tear*'; so Rowe, ed. 2; Folios, '*teame*'; Quartos, '*spoil*'; Theobald, '*taint.*'

I. ii. 180-183. Theobald first compared these lines with Cicero, *De Republica*, ii. 42, and thought that Shakespeare had perhaps borrowed from Cicero.

I. ii. 187-203. Lyly, in his *Euphues* (Arber's Reprint, pp. 262-4), has a similar description of the common-wealth of the bees: its *ultimate* source is probably Pliny's Natural History, Book xi. (*n.b.*, Holland's translation did not appear till 1601).

I. ii. 197. '*majesty*'; so Rowe from Quartos; Folios, '*Maiesties.*'

I. ii. 208. '*Come*'; so Folios; Capell, from Quartos, '*fly*'; '*as many ways meet in one town*'; Capell, from Quartos, reads '*As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne*'; Dyce, Lettsom conj., '*As many several streets,*' etc.

I. ii. 209. '*meet in one salt sea*'; Capell, from Quartos, reads '*run in one self sea*'; Vaughan conj., '*run in one salt sea.*'

I. ii. 212. '*End*'; Pope's emendation from Quartos; Folios, '*And.*'

I. ii. 255. '*This tun of treasure*'; probably suggested by the corresponding words in *The Famous Victories.*

I. ii. 263. '*shall strike his father's crown into the hazard*'; '*hazard*' used technically, "the hazard in a tennis-court"; glosses, '*grille de tripot*' in old French dictionaries.

Prol. II. Pope transferred the Prologue to the end of the first scene.

Prol. II. 32. '*The abuse of distance; force a play:*' so Folios; Pope, '*while we force a play*'; Warburton conj. '*while we farce a play*'; *etc.* 'to force a play' is interpreted by Steevens to mean 'to produce a play by compressing

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many circumstances into a narrow compass.' Various emendations have been proposed, but in spite of the imperfection of the line as it stands, no suggestions seem to improve upon it. Perhaps, after all, the line is correct as it stands, with a pause for a syllable at the cæsura, and with a vocalic *r* in '*force*,' making the word dissyllabic; *cp.* '*fierce*,' II. iv. 99.

Prol. II. 41. '*But, till the king come forth*,' etc, *i.e.* 'until the King come forth we shall not shift our scene unto Southampton.'

II. i. 5. '*there shall be smiles*'; Hanmer conj., Warburton, '*there shall be*—(smiles)'; Farmer, Collier, 2 ed., '*smites*' (*i.e.* blows).

II. i. 25. '*mare*'; restored by Theobald from Quartos; Folios read '*name*'; Hanmer, '*dame*'; Collier MS., '*jade*.'

II. i. 28. '*How now, mine host Pistol!*' Quartos, '*How do you my hoste?*' giving the words to Nym.

II. i. 38. '*O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now*'; '*drawn*,' Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*hewne*'; Malone from Quarto 1, '*O Lord! here's corporal Nym's* ——.'

II. i. 43. '*Iceland dog!*'; Steevens, Johnson conj.; Folios read '*Island dog*'; Quartos, '*Iseland*.' There are several allusions to "these shaggy, sharp-eared, white dogs, much imported formerly as favourites for ladies."

II. i. 79. '*lazar kite of Cressid's kind*'; probably a scrap from some old play. In certain parallel passages the readings vary between '*Kite*,' '*Kit*,' '*Catte*'; '*Kit*,' too, is the spelling of Folio 4.

II. i. 85. '*and you, hostess*'; Folios '*and your Hostesse*'; Folio 4, '*Hostes you must come straight to my master, and you Hoste Pistole*.'

II. i. 99. '*Base is the slave that pays*,' a quotation from an old play. Steevens quotes, "My motto shall be, Base is the man that pays" (Heywood's '*Fair Maid of the West*').

II. i. 109 and 110 omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 9. '*Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours*'; Folios 3, 4, "*lull'd*." Quartos, followed by Steevens, '*whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours*.'

II. ii. 61. '*Who are the late commissioners?*'; Vaughan conj. '*Who ask the late commissions?*'; Collier MS. '*the state c.*'; but no change is necessary; '*late commissioners*'='lately appointed commissioners.'

II. ii. 63. '*for it*,' *i.e.* for my commission.

II. ii. 114. '*by treasons*'; Mason conj. '*to treasons*'; Moberly conj. '*by reasons*.'

II. ii. 118. '*But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up*'; Moberly conj. '*But he that tempter-fiend that stirr'd thee up*'; Dyce, Johnson conj. '*tempted*'; Folios, '*bad*,' Vaughan conj. '*sin thus*.' No emendation is necessary, tho' it is uncertain what the exact force of '*bade thee stand up*' may be, whether (1) 'like an honest-man,' or (2) 'rise in rebellion.'

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II. ii. 139-140. '*To mark the full-fraught man and best indued With some suspicion*'; Malone's emendation; Theobald, '*the best*,' etc.; Folios, '*To make thee full fraught man and best indued*,' etc.; Pope, '*To make the full-fraught man, the best, endu'd With*,' etc.

II. ii. 148. '*Henry*'; Theobald's correction from Quartos; Folios '*Thomas*.'

II. ii. 176. '*you have*'; so Knight, from Quartos; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*you three*'; Folio 1, '*you*.'

II. iii. 11. '*A' made a finer end*'; Folios 1, 2, '*a finer*'; Folios 3, 4, '*finer*'; Capell, '*a fine*'; Johnson conj. '*a final*'; Vaughan conj. '*a fair*.' Probably Mistress Quickly's words are correctly reported, and should not be edited.

II. iii. 14. '*fumble with the sheets*'; popularly supposed to be a sign of approaching death.

II. iii. 17-18. '*and a' babbled of green fields*'; Theobald's famous correction of Folios, '*and a Table of greene fields*'; Theobald's reading was suggested to him by a MS. note written in a copy of Shakespeare by 'a gentleman sometime deceased,' who proposed '*And a' talked of green fields*.' The Quartos omit the line, giving the passage thus:—

> "*His nose was as sharp as a pen,*
> *For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,*
> *And talk of flowres, and smile vpo his fingers ends,*
> *I knew there was no way but one.*"

(*n.b.* '*talk of flowres*'). Many suggestions have been put forward since Pope explained that the words were part of a stage direction, and that 'Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnished implements, etc., for the actors.' The marginal stage-direction was, according to him, '*A table of green-fields*.' Malone, '*in a table of green fields*,' Collier MS., '*on a table of green freese*.' Recently Mr Henry Bradley has pointed out that 'green field' was occasionally used for the exchequer table, a table of green baize. A combination of this suggestion with the reading of the Collier MS. would require merely the change of '*and*' to '*on*,' but one cannot easily give up one's perfect faith in Theobald's most brilliant conjecture.

II. iii. 51. '*Let senses rule*'; *i.e.* 'let prudence govern you' (Steevens).

II. iii. 54. '*And hold-fast is the only dog*'; *cp.* 'Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better.'

II. ii. 55. '*Caveto*,' Quartos, '*cophetua*.'

II. iv. 57. '*mountain sire*'; Theobald, '*mounting sire*'; Collier, Mitford conj. '*mighty sire*'; '*mountain*,' evidently means 'huge as a mountain.'

Prol. III. 4. '*Hampton*,' Theobald's correction of Folios '*Dover*.'

Prol. III. 6. '*fanning*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*fayning*,' Folios 3, 4, '*faining*'; Gould conj. '*playing*.'

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Prol. III. 35. '*Eke*'; the first folio, '*eech*'; the others, '*ech*'; probably representing the pronunciation of the word.

III. i. 7. '*summon up*,' Rowe's emendation of Folios '*commune up*.'

III. i. 15. '*nostril*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*nosthrill*.'

III. i. 32. '*straining*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*Straying*.'

III. ii. 20. '*Up to the breach, you dogs / avaunt, you cullions /*'; so Folios; Capell reads, from Quartos, '*God's plud!—Up to the preaches, you rascals / will you not up to the preaches?*'.

III. v. 46. '*Knights*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios '*Kings*.'

III. v. 54. '*Rouen*'; Malone's emendation of '*Rone*,' Quartos; '*Roan*,' Folios.

III. vi. 28-30. '*And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel*,' etc.; *cp.* '*Fortune is blind . . . whose foot is standing on a rolling stone*,' Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*.

From the English translation (Cott. MS., XVth cent.) of William de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of Human Life*.

III. vi. 31. '*Fortune is painted blind*'; Warburton proposed the omission of '*blind*,' which may have been caught up from the next line.

III. vi. 41. '*Fortune is Bardolph's foe*'; a reference to the old ballad, '*Fortune, my foe!*'

III. vi. 79. '*new-tuned*'; Pope reads '*new-turned*'; Collier MS., '*new-coined*'; Grant White, '*new-found*.'

III. vi. 107-111. Fluellen's description of Bardolph forcibly recalls Chaucer's Sompnour in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (Quartos, '*whelkes, and knubs, and pumples*' for '*bubukles, and whelkes, and knobs*').

III. vi. 117. '*lenity*,' Rowe's emendation from Quarto; Folios, '*Levity*.'

III. vi. 120. '*habit*'; *i.e.* sleeveless coat, the herald's tabard.

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III. vii. 15. '*chez les narines*'; Capell, '*qui a*'; Folios, '*ches*'; Heath conj. '*voyez*,' etc.

III. vii. 43. '*Wonder of Nature*,' probably the first words of a sonnet or lyric of the time.

III. vii. 66, 67. '*Le chien . . . au bourbier*'; 'the dog is returned to his own vomit, and the washed out sow to the mire,' *cp.* 2 Peter ii. 22.

Prol. IV. 16. '*name*'; Tyrwhitt's conj.; Folios, '*nam'd*.'

Prol. IV. 20, '*cripple tardy-gaited*'; Folios, '*creeple-tardy-gated*.'

Prol. IV. 26. '*Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats*'; Capell, '*And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks*'; Hanmer, '*In wasted*'; Warburton, '*Invest in*'; Beckett conj. '*Infesting*,' etc.

IV. i. 35. '*Qui va là*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*Che vous la?*'

IV. i. 65. '*speak lower*'; so Quarto 3, adopted by Malone; Quartos 1, 2, '*lewer*'; Folios, '*fewer*'; *cp.* 'to speak few,' a provincialism for 'to speak low' (according to Steevens, who prefers the folio reading).

IV. i. 94. '*Sir Thomas*'; Theobald's correction of Folios '*John*.'

From an original specimen of the time of Charles VII. of France (A.D. 1422-1440), preserved in a private collection in Paris.

IV. i. 152. '*sinfully miscarry upon the sea*'; Pope reads from Quartos, '*fall into some lewd action and miscarry*.'

IV. i. 187. '*mote*'; Malone's emendation of Folios. '*Moth*'; Quartos, '*moath*.'

IV. i. 254. '*What is thy soul of adoration?*'; Knight's reading; Folio 1 reads, '*What? is thy Soule of Odoration?*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Adoration*'; Warburton, '*What is thy toll, O adoration?*'; Hanmer, '*What is thy shew of adoration?*'; Johnson, '*What is thy soul, O adoration?*'; etc., etc. (*v.* Glossary).

IV. i. 299, 300. '*take from them now the sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers*'; Tyrwhitt's reading; Folios, '*take . . . reck'ning of the opposed numbers:*'; Theobald, '*take . . . reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers*'; etc., etc.

IV. ii. 45. '*The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks*.' *Cp.* illustration.

IV. iii. 40. '*the feast of Crispian*' falls upon the 25th October.

IV. iii. 44. '*He that shall live this day, and see*'; Pope's reading; Folios,

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'*He that shall see this day and live*'; Quartos, '*He that outlives this day and sees.*'

IV. iii. 48. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 52. '*his mouth*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*their mouths*'; Pope, '*their mouth.*'

IV. iv. 3. '*Qualtitie calmie custure me*'; probably Pistol catches the last word of the French soldier's speech, repeats it, and adds the refrain of a popular Irish song, '*Calen, O custure me*'='colleen oge astore,' *i.e.* 'young girl, my treasure.' The popularity of the song is evidenced by the following heading of one of the songs in Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (*cp.* Arber's Reprint, p. 33): '*A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his lady. To Calen o custure me; sung at euerie lines end*'; first pointed out by Malone.

IV. iv. 72. '*this roaring devil i' the old play*'; alluding to the standing character of the Devil in the Morality plays.

IV. v. 11. '*Let us die in honour; once*'; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, '*Let us dye in once*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Let us flue in ones*'; &c. Omitted by Pope.

IV. v. 18. '*our lives*'; Steevens adds from Quartos, '*Unto these English, or else die with fame*'; Vaughan conj. '*Unto these English, or else die with shame.*'

IV. vii. 31 '*alike*'; so Folios; Rowe reads, '*as like.*'

IV. vii. 45. '*made*'; Capell, following Quartos, reads '*made an end.*'

IV. vii. 65. '*Assyrian slings*'; Theobald compared Judith ix. 7, and defended the reading against Warburton's proposed '*Balearian*' (afterwards withdrawn).

IV. vii. 71. '*what means this, herald?*'; Steevens' reading; Folio 1, '*what meanes this herald?*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*what means their herald*'; Hanmer conj. '*what mean'st thou, herald?*'

IV. vii. 81. '*their wounded steeds*'; Folios, '*with,*' corrected by Malone. The Quartos omit the line.

Prol. V. 30-35. The allusion is to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was sent to Ireland in 1599 to suppress Tyrone's rebellion; he left London on March 27, and returned on September 28 (*v.* Preface).

Prol. V. 38. '*The emperor's coming*'; *i.e.* 'the emperor is coming,' or (better) 'the emperor's coming,' parallel to 'the King of England's stay at home.' The line refers to the visit of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany 1st May 1416. Malone supposed that a line had dropped out before '*The Emperor,*' &c.; Capell re-wrote the passage. It seems, however, that if instead of a semi-colon, a comma is placed after '*at home,*' the lines are perfectly intelligible as they stand

V. i. 85. '*Doll*'; Capell, '*Nell*'; which is probably the correct reading, though Shakespeare may himself have made the mistake.

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V. ii. 7 '*Burgundy*'; Rowe's emendation, from Quartos, of Folio 1, '*Burgogne*'; Folios 2, 4, '*Burgoigne*'; Folio 3, '*Bargoigne.*'

V. ii. 11. '*So are you, princes English, every one*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*So are you princes* (*English*) *every one*'; Folio 4, '*So are you princes* (*English every one*).'

V. ii. 12. '*England*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads '*Ireland.*'

V. ii. 50. '*all*'; Rowe's reading; Folios '*withall.*'

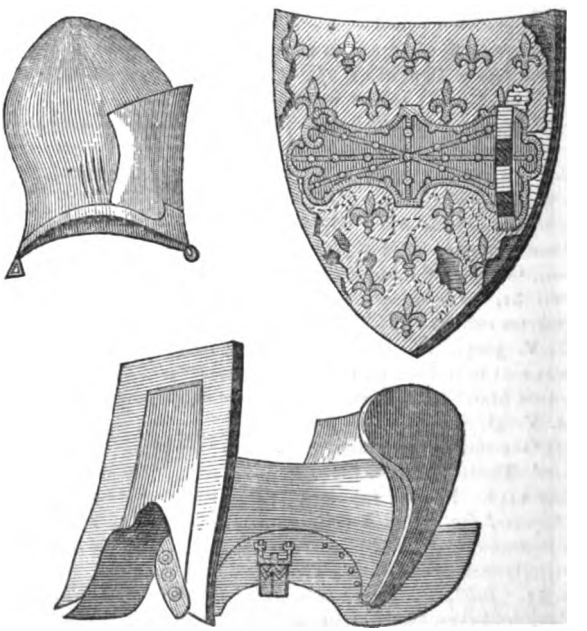
V. ii. 82. '*Pass our accept*': Warburton reads, '*Pass, or accept*'; Malone conj. '*Pass, or except,*' &c.

V. ii. 259, 260. '*queen of all, Katharine*'; Capell conj., adopted by Dyce, '*queen of all Katharines.*'

V. ii. 359. *Héritier*'; Folios read '*Heretere*'; '*Præclarissimus*'; so Folios; Rann reads '*Percarissimus*'; the error is, however, copied from Holinshed.

V. ii. 393. '*Sennet*'; Folio 1, '*Senet*'; Folio 2, '*Sonet,*' as though referring to the fourteen lines of the Epilogue.

Epil. 13. '*Which oft our stage hath shown*'; *vide* Preface to 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*



Helmet, Shield (inside), and Saddle of Henry V., preserved in Westminster Abbey. (Selected from drawings in Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments.*)

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HENRY VI.—Parts I., II., and III.

Preface.

First Editions. (I.) *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* was in all probability printed for the first time in the First Folio. On November 8th, 1623, Blount & Jaggard entered, among other copies of Shakespeare's works "not formerly entered to other men," "the Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt," by which term they evidently referred to the play which, chronologically considered, precedes the Second and Third Parts.

The opening lines of the play are sufficient to render it well-nigh certain that 1 *Henry VI.* is not wholly Shakespeare's;* and there can be little doubt that "the hand of the Great Master is only occasionally perceptible" therein. Probably we have here an inferior production by some unknown dramatist,† writing about 1589, to which Shakespeare made important "additions" in the year 1591; to him may safely be assigned the greater part of Act IV. ii.-vii., especially the Talbot episodes (scene vii., in spite of its rhyme, has the Shakespearian note, and is noteworthy from the point of view of literary history); the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (V. iii.) has, too, something of Shakespeare's touch; finally, there is the Temple Garden scene (II. iv.), which is certainly Shakespeare's, though, judged by metrical peculiarities, it may well have been added some years after 1591. We may be sure that at no time in his career could he have been guilty of the crude and vulgar presentment of Joan of Arc in the latter part of the play.

(II.) *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth*, forming together a two-sectioned play, have come down to us in two versions:—(*a*) The Folio version, authorised by Shakespeare's editors; (*b*) a carelessly printed early Quarto version, differing in many important respects from (*a*); about 3240 lines in the Quarto edition appear either in the same or an altered

* *Cf.* Coleridge, "If you do not feel the possibility of [these lines] having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears,—for so has another animal,—but an ear you can not have, *me judice*."

† Dr Furnivall sees at least four hands in the play; Mr Fleay assigns it to Peele, Marlowe, Lodge or Nash, and Shakespeare. The attempt to determine the authorship is futile, owing to the absence of all evidence on the point.

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form in the Folio edition, while about 2740 lines in the latter are entirely new.* The title-pages of the first Quartos, corresponding to Parts I. and II. respectively, are as follows:—(i.) "The First part of the Con | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolk, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade:* | *And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the* | *Crowne.* LONDON. Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peter's | Church in Cornwall. | 1594."† [Quarto 1.] (ii.) "The | true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene* | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura | ble the Earle of Pembrooke his Seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling- | *ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder* | *Saint* Peter's Church in | Cornwal, 1595." [Quarto 1.] Second editions of both (i.) and (ii.) appeared in 1600, and in 1619 a third edition of the two plays together:—"The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the Sixt.* Divided into two Parts: and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare*, Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T.P." [Quarto 3.]

(Both the First and Third Quartos have been reproduced by photolithography in the series of Quarto Facsimiles issued under the superintendence of Dr Furnivall; Nos. 23, 24, 37, 38). In the comparison of Quartos 1 and 3 one finds that the corrections are principally in Part I.; in Part II. the alterations are almost all of single words; taken altogether, however, the changes are slight, and are such "as may have been made by a Reviser who heard the Folio Play (2 Henry VI.) with a copy of Quarto 1 or Quarto 2 in his hand, or who had a chance of taking a note or two from the Burbage-play-house copy, and then made further corrections at home." At all events, Quarto 3 is a more correct copy of the older form of 2, 3 *Henry VI.* than we have in Quarto 1, though its superiority does not bring it much nearer to the Folio version.‡

* "Out of 3075 lines in Part II., there are 1715 new lines and some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered), and some 520 old lines. In Part III., out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and above 1010 old lines.

† Entered in the Stationers' Register, March 12th, 1593.

‡ A condensed version of the three parts of Henry VI., in one play, was prepared by Charles Kemble, and has recently been printed for the first time in the *Irving Shakespeare* from the unique copy in Mr Irving's possession.

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The Relation of the Quartos to 2 and 3 Henry VI.

The most cursory glance at the Quartos is enough to convince one that scant justice has been done to the author of the plays, and that the printers of the Quartos must have had very careless copy before them. Probably many errors may be referred to the indifferent reporters employed by the pirate publisher.

'Some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true';

so complained Thomas Heywood of the treatment to which one of his productions had been subjected; he complained, too, that "plays were copied only by the ear," "publisht in savage and ragged ornaments." But this probable cause of much corruption in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* will not account for (*a*) the inherent weakness of a great part of both plays; (*b*) the un-Shakespearian character of many important passages and whole scenes. On the other hand, many of these latter passages are to be found (it is true, often in an improved form) in *the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.*, as printed in the Folio. Hence arises the most complex of Shakespearian problems, and scholars are divided on the question; their views may be grouped under four heads, according as it is maintained (1) that Shakespeare was the author of the four plays; * (2) that Shakespeare was merely the reviser, retaining portions of his predecessor's work, altering portions, and adding passages of his own; † (3) that the portions common to the old plays, and 2, 3 Henry VI., were Shakespeare's contribution to the original dramas (by Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele); ‡ (4) that Marlowe, Greene, and, perhaps, Peele, were the authors of the old plays, while Shakespeare and Marlowe were the revisers, working as collaborators. The fourth view has been strenuously maintained in an elaborate study of the subject, contributed to the Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society,§ where the Marlowan passages in the Quartos are definitely attributed to Marlowe, the Greenish to Greene, and others to Peele, while the Marlowan lines which occur for the first time in 2, 3 Henry VI. are accounted for by assuming that Marlowe and Shakespeare jointly revised the older plays; so that in some cases we have Shakespeare revising the work of Marlowe and Greene, at others Shakespeare and Marlowe revising the work of Greene. ‖

* *Cf.* Knight's Essay on the subject in *The Pictorial Shakespeare.*

† Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1821, Vol. XVIII.

‡ R. Grant White, *Shakespeare*, Vol. VII. *Cf.* Halliwell, *First Sketches of* 2 *and* 3 *Henry VI.*; *Sh. Soc. Reprints*, 1843; Swinburne, *Study of Shakespeare*; etc.

§ Miss Jane Lee, *New Shak. Soc.*, 1876.

‖ Miss Lee's conjectural table of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's shares in 2, 3 *Henry VI.* is none the less of value, as indicating the doubtful elements of the plays, though one may not accept her final conclusions. It is here printed as simplified by Prof.

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It is undoubtedly true that many passages in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are reminiscent of Marlowe and Greene, and that such a passage as 2 *Henry VI.* Act IV. i. 1-11, which occurs for the first time in the Folio, is also strongly Marlowan in character, but this and similar rhetorical sketches may very well have been in existence before 1594, being omitted from the acting version of the play, and hence not found in *The Contention*. Again, the famous Jack Cade scene (Act IV. ii.) is common to the Quarto and Folio; according to this fourth view it must be attributed to Greene, but there is nothing in the whole of his extant plays to justify the ascription. The most striking speech in the whole of 2, and 3, Henry VI.—viz., York's "*She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,*" is to be found *verbatim* in the older Quartos. That Marlowe was capable of this and of higher efforts none will deny, but there is in the speech, high-sounding as it is, a certain restraint and sanity, an absence of lyrical effect, which would make one hesitate before assigning it to Marlowe, even if external evidence told in favour of, and not against, his authorship. Weighing carefully all the evidence, one is inclined to see in the Quartos of 1594-5, a garbled shorthand edition of an acting version, popular at the time, perhaps chiefly by reason of Shakespeare's 'additions' to earlier plays, previously unsuccessful, possibly the work of Marlowe and Greene, or of some clever disciple; the correct copy of this pirated edition may have served as basis for the revised version which Shakespeare subsequently prepared, though he did not in this instance attempt a thorough recast of his materials: the comparatively few important 'additions' which appear in the Folio version, and only there, may be (i.) Shakespeare's contributions to the older plays before 1594; or (ii.)

Dowden (Shakespeare Primer, p. 76; *Cf. Shak. Soc. Trans.*, 1876, pp. 293-303). "The table shows in detail how the revision was effected. Thus "Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*" means that in this scene Shakespeare was revising the work of Marlowe and Greene; "Act IV. Sc. x. S. and M., *G.*" means that here Shakespeare and Marlowe were revising the work of Greene.

Henry VI. Part II.—Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S., *G.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act II. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. S., *M.* and (?) *G.*; Sc. iii. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act III. Sc. i. S. and (?) M., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S. and M., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.* Act IV. Sc. i. M., *G.*; Sc. ii., iii., iv. S., *G.*; Sc. v. unrevised, *G.*; Sc. vi., vii., viii., ix. S., *G.*; Sc. x. S. and M., *G.* Act V. Sc. i. M. and S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. M. and S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*

Henry VI. Part III.—Act I. Sc. i. S., *M.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. unrevised, *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *M. and* (?) *G.* Act II. Sc. i. M. and (?) S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. (?) M., *M.*, *G.*, *and* (?) *P.*; Sc. iii. S. and M., *M.*; Sc. iv. M., *G.*; Sc. v. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. vi. M., *M. and G.* Act III. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc ii., S., *G. and* (?) *M.*; Sc. iii. (?) M., *G. and* (?) *P.* Act IV. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G*; Sc. v. S., (?) *G.*; Sc. vi., vii. S., *G.*; Sc. viii. S., (?) Act V. Sc. i. M., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. ii. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. v., vi. S., *M.*; Sc. vii. unrevised, *G.*"

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the work of the original author or authors, omitted from the acting version; or (iii.) new matter added by Shakespeare any time between 1594 and 1600 (*e.g.* 3 Henry VI., v., ll. 1-50).*

Date of Composition. (I.) There is no mention of *Henry VI.* in Mere's famous list in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), although reference is there made to so doubtful a production as *Titus Andronicus*; the omission must have been due to the vexed question of authorship, and not to any want of popularity on the part of the plays: as early as 1592 Nash in his "*Pierce Penniless*" referred to the enthusiasm of Elizabethan playgoers for the Talbot scenes:—"*How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had been two hundred years in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators (at least at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding.*" There can be little doubt that 1 *Henry VI.* is here referred to, and especially the Shakespearian contributions to the play. According to Henslowe's Diary '*Henry* (or *Hary*, *Harey*, etc.) *the Sixth*' was performed as a new play in March 1591; the repeated entries in 1592 fully bear out Nash's eulogy. If, as seems very probable, Henslowe's "*Henry VI.*" is identical with 1 *Henry VI.*, we have the actual date of Shakespeare's additions to an old and crude 'chronicle drama,' the property of Lord Strange's Company.†

(II.) To the same year as Nash's "*Pierce Penniless*" belongs Greene's posthumous tract '*The Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance.*'‡ At the end of the pamphlet, published by Chettle before Dec. 1592, occurs the famous address 'To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance,' etc.§ The three playmakers to whom his remarks are directed have been identified as (1) Christopher Marlowe, (2) Thomas Nash (or possibly Lodge), and (3) George Peele. The point of the whole passage is its attack on players in general, and on one player in particular, who was usurping the playwright's province.‖ The words '*tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*' parody

* The Cambridge editors put the matter cautiously:—"We cannot agree with Malone on the one hand, that they (the old plays) contain nothing of Shakespeare's, nor with Mr Knight on the other, that they are entirely his work; there are so many internal proofs of his having had considerable share in their composition."

† Shakespeare in all probability belonged to this Company; in 1594 it was merged into the Lord Chamberlain's (*vide* Halliwell's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*).

‡ *Cf. Shakspere Allusion-Books*, Part I. Edited by C. M. Ingleby for *The New Shakespere Society* (1874).

§ *Vide* quotation at the end of this Preface.

‖ Nash, in his "*Apologie for Pierce Penniless*," tells us that Greene was "chief agent" of Lord Pembroke's Company, "for he wrote more than four other." It is significant that the title-page of Quarto 1 of "*The True Tragedie*" expressly states that the play had been acted by this Company.

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the line '*O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide*,' which is to be found in both *The True Tragedy* and 3 *Henry VI.* (I. iv. 137). Some critics are of opinion that Greene's allusion does not necessarily imply Shakespeare's authorship of the passage in which the line occurs; this view, however, seems untenable, judging by the manner in which the quotation is introduced. Nevertheless the passage may perhaps show (i.) that Greene himself had some share in *The Contention*; (ii.) that Marlowe had likewise a share in it; (iii.) that Greene and Shakespeare could not have worked together; and (iv.) that Marlowe and Shakespeare may have worked together. One thing, however, it conclusively proves—viz., Shakespeare's connexion with these plays before 1592. Furthermore, in December of the same year, Chettle apologised for the publication of Greene's attack on Shakespeare:—"Myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing," etc.* It is not likely that the subject of this eulogy could have been a notorious plagiarist;† if, as some maintain, no line in the Quartos can justly be attributed to Shakespeare, he would perhaps have merited Greene's rancour. But "*it is not so, and it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so!*"

(III.) In 1599 Shakespeare concluded his Epilogue to *Henry V.* with the following lines:—

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
> Of France and England, did this King succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown:* and, *for their sake*,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

From these words we may infer (i.) that 1 *Henry VI.* preceded *Henry V.*; (ii.) that probably the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.* are also referred to; (iii.) that Shakespeare claimed in some degree these plays as his own.

* Chettle's '*Kind-Heart's Dream.*'

† One does not deny that Greene may possibly have given Shakespeare 'the ground' of these plays, as later on he gave him the stuff for his *Winter's Tale*. "R. B. *Gent.*" has the following significant verse in a volume entitled *Greene's Funeralls* (preserved in the Bodleian Library):—

> "*Greene is the pleasing object of an eye;*
> *Greene pleased the eyes of all that looked upon him;*
> *Greene is the ground of every painter's die;*
> *Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him;*
> *Nay more, the men that so eclipst his fame,*
> *Purloined his plumes; can they deny the same?*"

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(IV.) Finally, the intimate connexion of 2, 3 *Henry VI.* (and *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*) with the play of *Richard III.*, throws valuable light on the date of composition, and confirms the external and internal evidence for assigning Shakespeare's main contributions to these plays to the year 1591-2, or thereabouts (*Cp. Preface to 'Richard the Third'*).

Sources of the Plot. The materials for 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.* were mainly derived from (i.) Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (ii.) Hall's *Chronicle*; the account of the civil wars in the former work is merely an abridgment of the latter; the author's attention would therefore, naturally, be directed to the chief history of the period covered by the plays [*cp.* title-page of the first edition, 1548:—"The Union of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, being long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first Author of this division, and so successively proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eighth, vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages"].* Although in no part of *Henry VI.* is Holinshed's *Chronicles* followed "with that particularity which we have in Shakespeare's later historical plays," it is noteworthy that it is the primary source of *Part I.*, the secondary of *Parts II. and III.* (On the historical aspect of the plays, *cp. Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtenay; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*)

Duration of Action. The time of the *First Part* is eight days, with intervals; the *Second Part* covers fourteen days, represented on the stage, with intervals suggesting a period in all of, at the outside, a couple of years; in the *Third Part* twenty days are represented; the whole period is about twelve months.

Historic Time. *Part I.* deals with the period from "the death of Henry V., 31st August 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret, end of 1444." *Part II.* covers about ten years, from April

* Knight points out an excellent instance of Hall's influence, as compared with Holinshed's; in the latter's narrative of the interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue, but simply, 'Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.' In Hall we have the very words which the poet has paraphrased.

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22nd, 1445, to May 23rd, 1455. *Part III.* commences "on the day of the battle of St Albans, 23rd May 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St Paul's, 22nd May 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475." (*Cp.* Daniel's "Time Analysis," *New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79).

Tomb of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey.
(See 1 Henry VI., Act I., Sc. i.)

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To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

Thou famous gracer of Tragedians, . . . young Juvenall, that byting Satyrist, . . . and thou no less deserving than the other two. . . . Base-minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned, for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave: those Puppets (I mean) that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions.

Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance (written before his death [1592], *and published at his dying request).*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King*

HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.*

A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*

REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

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The First Part of
King Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings; 11
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

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Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?
Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.
Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let 's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.

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Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.
Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,

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By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

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I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:

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A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.
Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.
Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake
Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glou. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;

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And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend.
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

France. Before Orleans.

Sound a Flourish. Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let 's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

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Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

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Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

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Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

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Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,

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Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 140
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we 'll try: come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

First Warder. [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [*Within*] Whoe 'er he be, you may not be let in.

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First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
First Warder. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*
Woodv. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.
Woodv. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, the haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?
Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

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And not protector, of the king or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.
Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

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Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seek to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.
Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*
May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.
Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.
Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.
Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.
[*Exeunt, severally Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men.*

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May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

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Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,

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And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

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His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

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Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same.

Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan La Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*Here they fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

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O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

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Scene VI.

The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

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Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

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Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry:* '*St George*,' '*A Talbot.*'

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

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Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.
Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

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About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Orleans. Within the town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

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Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,

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That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

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Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.
Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

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Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow had been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I show you presently.
[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.*

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How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Temple-garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

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Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

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Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

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And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeoman from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

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Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well-warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.
[*Exit.*
Plan. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

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Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.
Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

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Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet

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And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived

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From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

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And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

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Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.
Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;

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And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—
Glou. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glou. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither, then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

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To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again, 'Stones! stones!'*

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

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Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Glou. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

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Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Glou. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
First Serv. Content: I 'll to the surgeon's.
Sec. Serv. And so will I.
Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glou. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,

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You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.
King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.
King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!
Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
King. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

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Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

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First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] Qui est là?

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

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An alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.
[*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. Bedford, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, and Reignier, on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*The English whisper together in council.*

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God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen

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And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, and Charles fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

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An alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

The plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle, and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work

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To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;

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Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

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Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. The palace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: Vernon, Basset, and others. To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. [*Kneel.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

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When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up: and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York:—
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Paris. A hall of state.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glou. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,

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Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[*Exit Fastolfe.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

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Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [*Reads*] 'I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.

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Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

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Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.
King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility

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Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

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York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trump and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;

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And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,

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These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, &c.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! *Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,

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To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, Farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

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Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.
[*Exit, with his soldiers.*
Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Other plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

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Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.
Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

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Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.
Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The English camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,

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That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,

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Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.
John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,

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And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now, thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,

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An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

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Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

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Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; Herald of the French preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles

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Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glou. I have, my lord: and their intent is this

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They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
King. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.
King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,

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He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*

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See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle fighting hand to hand with York; La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!
Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

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And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whoso'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She is going.*
O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

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Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

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Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

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Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

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To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

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Scene IV.

Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

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Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

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Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we 'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.
York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

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Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Out great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

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That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,

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And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene V.

London. The royal palace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:

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How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

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It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

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For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [*Exit.*

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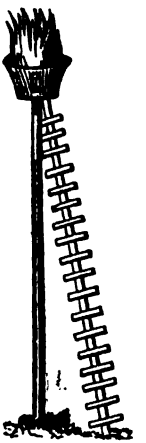
Glossary.

Accidents, events; V. iii. 4.
Accomplices, fellows in arms; V. ii. 9.
Admonishments, instructions; II. v. 98.
Advantage, occasion; II. v. 129.
Affects, cares for, loves; V. v. 57.
Agazed on, aghast at, gazing with amazement at; I. i. 126.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. vii. 60.
Alliance, relationship; II. v. 53.
Amaze, throw into consternation; IV. vii. 84.
Amort; "all a.," quite dejected; III. ii. 124.
Antic, buffoon (Folios 1, 2, "*antique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*antick*"); IV. vii. 18.
Apparell'd, dressed; II. iv. 22.
Apparent, evident, plain; II. i. 3.
Apprehension, conception of me (Theobald, "*reprehension*"; Vaughan, "*misapprehension*" for "*this ap.*"); II. iv. 102.
Argue, show, prove; II. v. 7.
Argument, token; V. i. 46.
Arms, coat of arms; I. i. 80.
As, that; III. i. 16.
Astræa, goddess of justice (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*bright Astræa*"); I. vi. 4.
Attached, arrested; II. iv. 96.
Attaint, tainted; V. v. 81.
Attainted, tainted, disgraced; II. iv. 92; convicted of capital treason, II. iv. 96.
Attorneyship, discretional agency of another; V. v. 56.

Banding, uniting in troops; III. i. 81.
Banning, cursing; V. iii. 42.
Bay; "stand at b.," a term of the chase, "when the game is driven to extremity and turns against its pursuers"; IV. ii. 52.
Beard; "b. thee to thy face," set thee at defiance; I. iii. 44.
Beacon; III. ii. 29. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a XVth century specimen.

Bearing-cloth, the cloth or mantle in which the child was carried to the font; I. iii. 42. (*Cp.* illustration on next page.)
Benefit; "of b.," used in its legal sense of property bestowed by the favour of another; V. iv. 152.
Beside, besides; III. i. 24.

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Best; "I were best," it were better for me; V. iii. 83.

Bestow, place, lodge; III. ii. 88

Bewray'd, betrayed; IV. i. 107.

Bishop; "the b. and the D. of Gloucester's men"; *i.e.* bishop's men (Hanmer, "*Bishop's*"); III. i. 78.

Blood; "in b.," in perfect health and vigour; a technical term of the chase; IV. ii. 48.

Blue coats, blue was the ordinary colour of the livery of serving-men; I. iii. 47.

Boot; "it is no b.," it is no profit, use; IV. vi. 52.

Bearing Cloth.
From a French print (*c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Bought and sold, betrayed; IV. iv. 13.

Bounds, boundaries, limits; I. ii. 54.

Bow, depart (Collier MS., "*fly*"; Long MS., "*go*"; Vaughan, "*budge*"); IV. v. 29.

Braved, defied; II. iv. 115.

Break, broach (Pope "*tell*"); I. iii. 81.

Break up, break open (Gray conjectured "*Break ope*"); I. iii. 13.

Bruited, noised abroad; II. iii. 68.

Buckle with, join in close fight with; I. ii. 95.

Bull-beeves, oxen, beef; I. ii. 9.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iv. 68.

Canvass, toss as in a canvass, "toss in a blanket"; I. iii. 36.

Cap, Cardinal's hat; V. i. 33.

Captivate, captive; II. iii. 42.

Cates, delicacies, dainties; II. iii. 79.

Censure, judgment, opinion; II. iii. 10.

Censure, judge; V. v. 97.

Challenge, claim; V. iv. 153.

Charge, expense, cost; V. v. 92.

Cheer, countenance; I. ii. 48.

Circumstance, circumstances, details; I. i. 109.

Clubs; "I'll call for clubs"; "in any public affray the cry was, 'Clubs! clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); I. iii. 84.

Coat, coat of arms; I. i. 81.

Cognizance, badge; II. iv. 108.

Collop, slice of meat; V. iv. 18.

Colours, pretence (with play upon the two senses of the word); II. iv. 34.

Commandment, command; quadrisyllabic (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*commandement*"); I. iii. 20.

Conceit, invention, IV. i. 102; understanding, V. v. 15.

Consented unto, conspired to bring about; I. i. 5.

Contemptible, mean, low; I. ii. 75.

Contumeliously, contemptuously; I. iii. 58.

Conveyance, dishonest practices; I. iii. 2.

Cooling card, "something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant"; V. iii. 84.

Cornets, horsemen, cavalry; IV. iii. 25.

Corrosive, fretting, giving pain (Folios 2, 3, "*corrasive*"; Boswell, "*a corrosive*"); III. iii. 3.

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Court of guard, main guard-house; II. i. 4.
Crazy, decrepit, weak; III. ii. 89.
Crestless, with no right to coat-armour; II. iv. 85.
Cunning, skill; III. iii. 10.

Damascus; alluding to the ancient belief that it was near the place where Cain killed Abel; I. iii. 39.
Darnel, a kind of weed, rye-grass, which is thought to be injurious to the eyes; hence the old proverb, *lolio victitare* (to feed on darnel); "tares" in Matthew xiii. 25, should perhaps properly be rendered "darnels"; III. ii. 44.
Dead (Folio 2, "*dread*"); I. iii. 34.
Dearest, most precious; III. iv. 40.
Denis; "Saint Denis," the patron saint of France; I. vi. 28.
Determined, limited; IV. vi. 9.
Devise on, lay schemes (Vaughan "*decide*"); I. ii. 124.
Diffidence, distrust, suspicion; III. iii. 10.
Digest, vent (Folio 2, "*disgest*"); IV. i. 167.
Disable, disparage, undervalue; V. iii. 67.
Discover, tell; II. v. 59.
Disease, cause of uneasiness, trouble; II. v. 44.
Dismay not, be not dismayed; III. iii. 1.
Distrain'd, taken possession of; I. iii. 61.
Drooping chair, chair fit for declining age; IV. v. 5.
Due, endue (? give as thy due); (Folios, "*dew*"; Collier, "'*due*"); IV. ii. 34.
Dumb significants, signs, indications (Pope, "*d. significance*"); II. iv. 26.

Effused, shed; V. iv. 52.
Emulation, rivalry, contention; IV. iv. 21.
Endamage, injure; II. i. 77.
Enrank, place in order, battle array; I. i. 115.
Entertain, maintain, keep (Collier MS., "*enterchange*"); V. iv. 175.
Envy, enmity; IV. i. 193.
Espials, spies; I. iv. 8.
Exempt, cut off, excluded; II. iv. 93.
Exequies, obsequies, funeral rites; III. ii. 133.
Exigent, end (Vaughan, "*ensuant*"); II. v. 9.
Expulsed, expelled; III. iii. 25.
Extirped, extirpated; III. iii. 24.
Extremes, "most ex.," greatest extremities of danger (Hanmer, "*worst en.*"); IV. i. 38.

Face, lie with effrontery; V. iii. 142.
Familiar, familiar spirit; III. ii. 122.
Fancy, love; V. iii. 91.
Fashion (Pope, "*passion*"; Theobald, "*faction*"); II. iv. 76.
Feature, make, form; V. v. 68.
Flesh, initiate; IV. vii. 36.
Flower-de-luces, the white lilies, the emblem of France; I. i. 80.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 45.
Foot-boys, lackeys; III. ii. 69.
Forged, counterfeit; IV. i. 102.
Forlorn, utterly wretched, referring to former wretchedness; (Collier MS., "*forborne*"); I. ii. 19.
Forth, forth from, from out; I. ii. 54.
Fortune, fate; IV. iv. 39.
France his Sword, France's sword, *i.e.*, the sword of the King of France (Rowe, "*France's*"); IV vi. 3.
Froissart (Folios, "*Froysard*"); I. ii. 29.

Giglot, wanton; IV. vii. 41.
Gimmors, gimcracks, curious contrivances; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Gimmalls*"); I. ii. 41.
Gird, rebuke; III. i. 131.
Gird, invest; (Folios, 1, 2, "*gyrt*"; Folio 3, "*girt*"); III. i. 171.

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Gleeks; "Charles his g.," *i.e.* Charles's scoffs (Folios, "*glikes*"); III. ii. 123.
Gloss, specious appearance; IV. i. 103.
Goliases, Goliaths; I. ii. 33.
Graceless, profligate; V. iv. 14.
Grave, dignified (Collier, "*brave*"); V. i. 54.
Grisly, grim, terrible; I. iv. 47.
Guardant, guard, sentinel; IV. vii. 9.

Halcyon days (Folios 1, 2, "*Halcyons days*"); calm days; halcyon is the old name of the King-fisher. In Holland's Pliny occurs the following illustrative passage:—"They lay and sit about mid-winter when days be shortest; and the times whiles they are broody is called *Halcyon days*, for during that season the sea is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicily" (Bk. X., ch. xxxii); I. ii. 131.
Hand; "out of h.," directly, at once; III. ii. 102.
Haughty, high-spirited, adventurous; II. v. 79.
Have with thee, I'll go with you; II. iv. 114.
Head, armed force; I. iv. 100.
Heart-blood, heart's blood; I. iii. 83.
Heavens, technically the upper part of the stage (overhung with black when a tragedy was enacted); I. i. 1.
His; '*his beams*'; its; I. i. 10.
Hungry-starved, starved with hunger; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, "*hungry-starved*"; Rowe, "*hunger-starved*"; Boswell, "*hungry, starved*"; I. iv. 5

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, "sire of Crete," who, attempting to follow his father's example and fly on wings, was drowned in the sea; IV. vi. 55.
Immanity, ferocity; V. i. 13.
Inkhorn mate, bookish man (used contemptuously); III. i. 99.
Insulting, exulting; I. ii. 138.
Intermissive, having a temporary cessation; I. i. 88.
Irks, grieves; I. iv. 105.

Juggling (trisyllabic); V. iv. 68.

Kindly, appropriate; III. i. 131.

Latter, last (Folio 4, "*later*"; Pope, "*latest*"); II. v. 38.
Lie, dwell (Pope, "*lyes*"); III. ii. 129.
Lift, lifted (old form of past tense); I. i. 16.
Like, liken, compare (Hanmer, "*leave me to*"; Vaughan, "*take me so*"); IV. vi. 48.
Linstock, a stick to hold the gunner's match; I. iv. 56.
Lither, soft, pliant; IV. vii. 21.
Loaden, laden; II. i. 80.
'*Long of*, because of (Folios, "*long of*"); IV. iii. 33.
Lowly, brought low, lying low (Warburton, "*lovely*"); III. iii. 47.
Lowted, made a fool of (Grey, "*flouted*"; Nicholson, "*loiter'd*"; Vaughan, "*letted*"); IV. iii. 13.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician (here an anachronism); V. iv. 74.
Malice, hatred, III. i. 128; enmity, ill-will, IV. i. 108.
Manifest, obvious, evident; I. iii. 33.
Mean, moderation, medium, I. ii. 121.
Mean, means, instrument; III. ii. 10.
Method, "the m. of my pen," *i.e.* the order in which I wrote it down (Vaughan, "*them off my pen*," or, "*the method of them*"); III. i. 13.

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Mickle, great, much (Theobald, "*milky*"); IV. vi. 35.
Minotaurs, alluding to the monsters in the Cretan Labyrinth; V. iii. 189.
Miscarry, be lost, die; IV. iii. 16.
Misconceived, misjudging one; V. iv. 49.
Miser, miserable wretch; V. iv. 7.
Monarch of the North, Lucifer (as in Milton), or perhaps the devil Zimimar, mentioned by Reginald Scot as "the king of the north"; V. iii. 6.
Mortality, death; IV. v. 32.
Motion, offer, proposal; V. i. 7.
Mouth, bark, bay; II. iv. 12.
Muleters, mule-drivers (Rowe, "*muleteers*"); III. ii. 68.
Munition, ammunition; I. i. 168.
Muse, marvel, wonder; II. ii. 19.

Neglection, neglect; IV. iii. 49.
Nephew, used loosely for cousin (Rowe, "*cousin*"); II. v. 64.
Nestor-like, *i.e.* like Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; II. v. 6.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; V. iv. 23.
Nourish, probably = "nurse" (often spelt "norice," or "nurice" in older English); Theobald conjectured "*nourice*," the French spelling. Steevens states that a stew, in which fish are preserved, was anciently called a "*nourish*" (Pope, "*marish*," the older form of *marsh*); I. i. 50.

Objected, "well o.," well proposed; II. iv. 43.
Obloquy, disgrace; II. v. 49.
Obstacle, a vulgar corruption of "*obstinate*" (Walker, "*obstinate*"); V. iv. 17.
Olivers and Rowlands, alluding to the two most famous of Charlemagne's peers; I. ii. 30.
Order; "take some o.," make the necessary dispositions, take measures; III. ii. 126.
Ordnance, a small gun, cannon; I. iv. 15.
Otherwiles, at other times; I. ii. 7.
Overpeer, look down on; I. iv. 11.

Packing, "be p.," go away, make haste; IV. i. 46.
Partaker, confederate; II. iv. 100.
Parties, parts, sides (Pope, "*parts*"); V. ii. 12.
Party, part, side; II. iv. 32.

From an original specimen of Edward III.'s reign.

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Patronage, maintain, make good; III. i. 48.
Pebble (Folios 1, 2, "*peeble*"; Folios 3, 4, "*peble*"); III. i. 80.
Peel'd, shaven (Folios, "*Piel'd*"; Grey, "*Pied*"; Collier, "*Pill'd*"); I. iii. 30.
Peevish, silly, childish; II. iv. 76.
Pendragon, the father of King Arthur; III. ii. 95.
Periapts, amulets; V. iii. 2.
Period, end; IV. ii. 17.
Peruse, examine; IV. ii. 43.
Pitch, height; II. iii. 55.
Pitch a field, "from the custom of planting sharp staves in the ground against the hostile horse came the signification of marshalling, arranging in a military sense" (Schmidt); III. i. 103.
Pithless, without pith, strengthless; II. v. 11.
Platforms, plans, schemes; II. i. 77.
Play'd, played the part; I. vi. 16.
Post, hasten, speed; V. v. 87.
Potter's wheel; I. v. 19. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a figure on the badge worn by the Master of the Guild of Potters at Mayence (*c.* 1600), in the Londesborough collection.

Practisants, fellow plotters (Hanmer, "*partizans*"); III. ii. 20.
Practise, contrive, plot; II. i. 25.
Preferr'd, presented; III. i. 10.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 149.
Pretend, mean, indicate; (Rowe, "*Portend*"); IV. i. 54.
Prevented, anticipated; IV. i. 71.
Proditor, traitor; I. iii. 31.
Proper, handsome, comely; V. iii. 37.
Purblind, half blind; II. iv. 21.
Pursuivants, forerunners, inferior heralds; II. v. 5.
Puzzel, hussy; I. iv. 107.
Pyramis, pyramid (Rowe, "*pyramid*"); I. vi. 21.

Quaint, fine, pleasant; IV. i. 102.
Quell, destroy; I. i. 163.
Qui est là (Malone's emendation of "*Che la*" of the Folios; Rowe, "*Qui va là?*"); III. ii. 13.
Quillets, tricks in argument, subtleties; II. iv. 17.
Quittance, requite, retaliate; II. i. 14.

Raging-wood, raving mad; IV. vii. 35.
Rascal-like, like lean and worthless deer; IV. ii. 49.
Reflex, let shine, reflect (Warburton, "*reflect*"); V. iv. 87.
Regard; "your r."; *i.e.* care for your own safety; IV. v. 22.
Reguerdon, reward; III. i. 170.
Remorse, pity; V. iv. 97.
Repugn, oppose; IV. i. 94.
Resolved, convinced, satisfied; III. iv. 20.
Rests, remains; II. i. 75.
Revolve on, be assured of; I. ii. 91.
Rive, discharge (Johnson, "*drive*"; Vaughan, "*rain*"); IV. ii. 29.
Rope; "a rope! a rope!" a cry often taught to parrots, in order to turn a joke against the passer-by; I. iii. 53.
Ruin, fall; IV. vii. 10.

Scruple, doubtful perplexity; V. iii. 93.

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Secure, unsuspecting, confident; II. i. 11.
Shot, marksmen; I. iv. 53.
Sirrah, an appellation addressed to inferior persons; III. i. 62.
Smear'd, stained, smirched; (Vaughan, "*snared*"); IV. vii. 3.
Solicit, rouse, stir up, *vide* Note; V. iii. 190.
Sort, choose; II. iii. 27.
Spend, expend, vent; I. ii. 16.
Spleen, fire, impetuosity; IV. vi. 13.
Stand, withstand, resist; I. i. 123.
Stern; "chiefest stern," highest place; I. i. 177.
Still, continually; I. iii. 63.
Stomachs, resentment; I. iii. 90.
Subscribe, submit, yield; II. iv. 44.
Swart, swarthy, dark-complexioned; I. ii. 84.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; III. iii. 21.

Taint, tainted; V. iii. 183.
Talbotites, name given to the English in contempt (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*Talbonites*"; Hanmer, "*Talbotines*"); III. ii. 28.
Tawny coats, coats of a yellowish dark colour, the usual livery of ecclesiastical attendants; I. iii. 47.
Temper, quality, hardness; II. iv. 13.
Tendering, having care for (Tyrwhitt, "*Tending*"; Beckett, "*Fending*"); IV. vii. 10.
Timeless, untimely; V. iv. 5.
To, compared to, to equal; III. ii. 25.
Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetoe, by whom Cyrus was slain; II. iii. 6.
Toy, trifle; IV. i. 145.
Traffic, transaction; V. iii. 164.
Train'd, lured; II. iii. 35.
Triumph, tournament; V. v. 31.
Unable, weak, impotent; IV. v. 4.
Unaccustom'd, unusual, extraordinary; III. i. 93.
Unavoided, inevitable; IV. v. 8.
Unawares, by surprise; III. ii. 39.
Unfallible, infallible, certain (Rowe, "*infallible*"); I. ii. 59.
Unkind, unnatural; IV. i. 193.
Unready, undressed; II. i. 39.

Vail, lower, let fall (Folios 1, 2, "*vale*"); V. iii. 25.
Vantage, advantage, "for v." to take your time; IV. v. 28.
Vaward, vanguard; Folios, "*Vauward*"; Theobald conj., "*rereward*" (but probably "vaward" = "in the front line of his own troop"); I. i. 132.

Walloon, a native of the border-country between the Netherlands and France (Folios 1, 2, "*Wallon*"); I. i. 137.
Warrantize, surety; I. iii. 13.
Washford, an old name of Wexford, in Ireland; IV. vii. 63.
Weening, deeming, thinking; II. v. 88.
Where, whereas; (Pope, "*While*"); V. v. 47.
Will'd, commanded; I. iii. 10.
Winchester goose, a cant term for a swelling in the groin, the result of disease; I. iii. 53.
Witting, knowing; II. v. 16.
Wont, are wont, accustomed (Folios, "*Went*"; Vaughan, "*Won*"; Hanmer, "*Watch*"); I. iv. 10.
Wooden; "a w. thing," "an awkward business, not likely to succeed" (Steevens); V. iii. 89.
Worthless, unworthy; IV. iv. 21.
Wot, know; IV. vi. 32.
Writhled, wrinkled; II. iii. 23.

Yield, admit; II. iv 42.

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Notes.

I. i. 3. '*crystal*,' unnecessarily changed by Hanmer to '*crisped*'; Warburton, '*cristed*' or '*crested*'; Roderick, '*tristful tresses in the sky*,' or 'tresses in the crystal sky.'

I. i. 6. '*King Henry the Fifth*'; Pope, '*Henry the Fifth*'; Walker, '*King Henry Fifth*'; Pope's reading has been generally followed by modern editors..

I. i. 12. '*wrathful*'; Rowe, '*awful*.'

I. i. 24. '*glory's*'; Folios, '*Glories*.'

I. i. 27. '*By magic verses have contrived his end*'; alluding to the old notion "that life might be taken away by metrical charms" Johnson). Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Verse*'; Pope, '*verse have thus*.'

I. i. 33. '*had not*'; Vaughan proposed '*had but*' (but *cp.* lines 41-43).

I. i. 49. '*moist*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*moistned*.'

I. i. 56. '*or bright* ——'; various attempts have been made to fill up the blank, which some editors explain as due to the inability of the compositor to read the name in the MS.; Francis Drake, Berenice, Cassiopeia, Alexander, etc., have been suggested. Probably the speech is interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

I. i. 60. '*Rheims*'; Folios, '*Rheimes*'; evidently intended as a dissyllable; but Capell's '*Rheims, Roan*,' derives some support from the fact that *Roan, i.e. Rouen*, is mentioned by Gloucester in line 65 (Cambridge ed.).

I. i. 65. '*Rouen*'; Folio 1, '*Roan*.'

I. i. 76. '*A third*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*A third man*'; Walker, '*A third one*'; Delius, '*A third thinketh*'; Keightley, '*A third thinks that*'; Dyce, '*And a third thinks*,' etc. Surely a simpler solution of the difficulty is to read '*third*' as a dissyllable with a trilled *r*.

I. i. 78. '*Awake, awake*'; Folio 2, '*Awake, away*.'

I. i. 83. '*their*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*her*'; Anon. conj. '*our*.'

I. i. 94. '*Reignier*'; Rowe's emendation of '*Reynold*' of the Folios.

I. i. 95. '*The Duke of Alençon*'; Walker omits '*of*,' to improve the rhythm of the line.

I. i. 96. '*crowned*'; Rowe's emendation; '*crown'd*,' the reading of the Folios.

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I. i. 124. '*flew*,' Rowe's correction; Folios, '*slew*.'

I. i. 128. '*A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain.*' The line has been variously emended as being defective, metrically. Pope, '*A Talbot! Talbot! cried*'; Seymour, '*A Talbot! cried, a Talbot!*'; Vaughan, '*Talbot! a Talbot! cried.*' If, however, '*cried*' is read as a dissyllable, the movement of the line is parallel to that of '*prevent it, resist it, let it not be so*,' in Richard II. iv., and no correction seems necessary—

A Tálbot! | *A Tálbot!* | *crí* | *ed óut* | *amáin* | .

I. i. 131. '*Sir John Fastolfe*'; Theobald's emendation here and elsewhere of Folios, '*Sir John Falstaffe*'; but in all probability Falstaff was the popular form of the name, and it is questionable whether the text should be altered here. "He was a lieutenant-general, deputy regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a Knight of the Garter."

I. i. 176. '*steal*,' Mason's conjecture; Folio, '*send*'; Keightley, '*fetch*.'

I. ii. 1. '*Mars his true moving*'; *cp.* "You are as ignorant in the true *movings* of my muse as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could not attain to," quoted by Steevens from one of Nash's prefaces to '*Gabriel Harvey's Hunt's Up*,' 1596. Kepler's work on Mars (*Comment. de Motibus Stellæ Martis*) was published in 1609.

I. ii. 13. '*live*'; Capell, '*sit*'; Walker, '*lie*.'

I. ii. 30. '*bred*'; Folios, '*breed*.'

I. ii. 56. '*nine sibyls of old Rome*.' The number of the Sibyls is variously given as three, four, seven, ten; possibly the 'nine' is here due to confusion with the nine Sibylline books.

I. ii. 86. '*which you see*,' reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*which you may see*.'

I. ii. 99. '*five*'; Folios, '*fine*.'

I. ii. 101. '*Out of a great deal of old iron*'; Dyce's conjecture, '*out of a deal old iron*,' seems the best of the emendations proposed.

I. ii. 103. '*ne'er fly from a man*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*ne're flye no man*'; Collier MS., '*ne'er fly from no man*'; there was probably some jingle intended:—

CHAR. *Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.*
PUC. *And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from no man.*

I. ii. 108. '*thy desire*,'=desire for thee.

I. ii. 131. '*Expect Saint Martin's summer*'; "expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun" (Johnson). St Martin's Day is November 11th.

I. ii. 138. '*That proud insulting ship, Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once*,' evidently suggested by the following passage in North's translation of

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Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar":—"Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pynnace, who at first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, then taking him by the hand, said unto him, good fellow, be of good cheer, . . . and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*"

I. ii. 140. '*Mahomet inspired with a dove*'; *cp.* "he (Mahomet) used to feed (a dove) with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice" (Raleigh's "History of the World)," I. i. vi.

I. ii. 143. '*Saint Philip's daughters*'; "the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts" (Hanmer).

I. ii. 145. '*reverently worship*'; Capell, '*ever worship*'; Steevens, '*reverence, worship*'; Dyce (Collier MS.), '*reverent worship*'; the last seems the only plausible reading.

I. ii. 148. '*Orleans*,' Folios '*Orleance*'; Capell '*hence.*'

I. iii. 4. '*'tis Gloucester*'; Pope's emendation; Folios '*'tis Gloster*' Steevens, '*it is Gloster*,' etc.; *cp.* l. 62 below, where Folios similarly read '*Gloster.*'

I. iii. 29. '*ambitious Humphry*'; Folio 4, '*ambition*'; '*Humphry*,' Theobald's emendation; Folio 1, '*Vmpheir*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Umpire.*'

I. iii. 35. '*indulgence to sin*'; "the public stews were formerly under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester" (Pope).

I. iii. 72. '*as e'er thou canst; Cry*'; Folios, '*as e'er thou canst, cry*'; Collier MS., '*as thou canst cry.*'

I. iii. 82. '*cost*,' Folios 2, 3, 4, '*deare cost.*'

I. iii. 88. '*it ere long*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*it e're be long*'; Capell, '*it, ere't be long*'; Collier MS., '*it off, ere long*'; Orson, '*at it.*'

I. iv. 22. '*on the turrets*,' Folios, '*in an upper chamber of a tower*' (Malone).

The Duke of Gloster.
From a XVIIth century engraving, the original of which was at that time in a painted window at Greenwich.

I. iv. 27. '*Duke*'; Theobald's emendation of '*Earle*' of the Folios.

I. iv. 33. '*so vile-esteem'd*'; Pope, '*so vilde esteem'd*'; Folios, '*so pil'd esteem'd*'; Capell, '*so pill'd esteem'd*'; Mason, '*so ill-esteem'd*,' etc.

I. iv. 95. '*like thee, Nero*,' Malone; Folio 1, '*like thee*'; Folio 2, '*Nero like will*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Nero like, will*'; Pope, '*Nero-like*,' etc.

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I. iv. 101. '*Joan la Pucelle*'; Folios, '*Joan de Puzel*' (and elsewhere).

I. v. 6. '*Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch*'; "the superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power" (Johnson).

I. v. 21. '*like Hannibal*,' who, in order to escape, devised the stratagem of fixing lighted twigs to the horns of oxen. (*Cp.* Livy, xxii. 16.)

I. v. 30. '*treacherous from*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*treacherous from*'; Pope, '*tim'rous from.*'

I. vi. 2. '*English*' (trisyllabic), so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*English wolves*'; Staunton, '*English dogs.*'

I. vi. 6. '*Adonis' gardens.*' "The proverb alluded to seems always to have been used in a bad sense, for things which make a fair show for a few days, and then wither away; but the author of this play, desirous of making a show of his learning, without considering its propriety, has made the Dauphin apply it as an encomium" (Blakeway). Cp. *Faerie Queene*, III. vi. 29; Folio 1, '*Garden.*'

I. vi. 22. '*Than Rhodope's or Memphis*',' Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*or Memphis*'; Capell's '*of Memphis*' has been generally adopted. Pliny, writing of the pyramids near Memphis, records that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie strumpet."

I. vi. 25. '*the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius*'; referred to by Plutarch in his "Life of Alexander," as the "preciousest thing, and the richest that was gotten of all spoyls and riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius . . he said he would put the Iliads of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing."

II. i. 8. '*redoubted Burgundy*'; Duke of Burgundy, surnamed Philip the Good.

II. i. 29. '*all together*'; Rowe's emendation of '*altogether*' of Folios.

II. i. 40. '*ay, and glad*'; Folios, '*I and glad*'; Pope, '*I am glad.*"

II i. 63. '*your quarters*'; '*your,*' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*our*'; '*quarters*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, '*Quarter.*'

II. ii. 20. '*Arc,*' Rowe's emendation of '*Acre*' of Folios.

II. ii. 38. '*Auvergne*'; Rowe's emendation of Folio 1, '*Ouergne*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Auergne*'; Folio 4, '*Avergne.*'

II. iii. 49. '*I substance*'; Vaughan proposed to read, '*I shadow, aye and substance.*'

II. iv. 6. '*in the error*'; Johnson (adopted by Capell), '*i' the right*'; Hudson, '*in error.*'

II. iv. 83. '*His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence*'; this is erroneous; Duke Lionel was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

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II. iv. 91. '*executed*'; Pope, '*headed*'; Steevens, '*execute*,' (probably to be read as a dissyllable).

II. iv. 117. '*wiped*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*wip't*'; Folio 1, '*whipt*.'

II. iv. 127. '*a thousand*'; Collier MS, '*Ten thousand*.'

II. iv. 132. '*gentle sir*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*gentle*.' Anon conj. '*gentlemen*.'

II iv. *The Temple Garden.* (*Cp.* illustration.)

The Temple Garden.
From Aggas's woodcut *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

II. v. '*enter Mortimer*'; Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died in his castle in Ireland in 1424.

II. v. 6. '*an age of care*'; Collier MS., '*a cage of care*.'

II. v. 74. '*For by my mother I derived am*'; 'mother' should strictly be 'grandmother,' *i.e.* his father's mother.

II. v. 113. '*fair be all*'; Theobald, '*fair befal*.'

II. v. 123. '*choked with ambition of the meaner sort*,' *i.e.* "shifted by the ambition of those whose right to the crown was inferior to his own" (Clarke).

II. v. 129. '*ill the advantage*'; '*ill*,' Theobald's emendation of '*will*' of the Folios. Collier MS., '*will the advancer*.'

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III. i. 53. '*Ay, see*'; Rowe's emendation of '*I, see*' of the Folios; Hanmer, '*I'll see.*'

III. i. 142. '*kind*'; Pope, '*gentle*'; Capell, '*kind, kind*'; Collier MS., '*and kind*'; probably the line should be read:—

"*O loving uncle.* ‖ *Kind Duke* | *of Gloucester.*"

III. i. 199. '*lose,*' should lose; Folio 1, '*loose*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*should lose.*'

III. ii. 14. '*Paysans, pauvres gens de France*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Peasaunt la pouure,*' etc.

III. ii. 40. '*the pride*'; Theobald, '*the prize*'; Hanmer, '*being prize*'; Jackson, '*the bride*'; Vaughan, '*the gripe.*'

III. ii. 52. '*all despite*'; Collier MS., '*hell's despite.*'

III. ii. 73. '*God be wi' you*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*God b' uy.*'

III. ii. 118. '*and martial*'; Collier MS., '*and matchless*'; Vaughan, '*unmatchable.*'

III. iii. 85. '*Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again*'; "the inconstancy of the French was always a subject of satire. I have read a dissertation to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes" (Johnson).

III. iv. 18. '*I do remember*'; "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never even saw him" (Malone).

III. iv. 38. '*the law of arms is such*'; "By the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. And by Statute 33, Henry VIII., malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine at the king's pleasure and also with loss of the offender's right hand" (Blackstone).

IV. i. 19. '*at the battle of Patay*'; Capell's emendation (adopted by Malone) of '*Poictiers*' of the Folios. The battle of Poictiers was fought 1357; the date of the present scene is 1428.

IV. i. 180. '*An if I wist he did,*' Capell; Folios, '*And if I wish he did*'; Rowe, '*And if I wish he did.—*'; Theobald (in text), '*An if I wis he did.—*'; (in note), '*And if I wis, he did.—*'; Johnson, '*And if—I wish—he did—*' or '*And if he did,—I wish—*'; Steevens, '*And, if I wist, he did,—.*'

IV. ii. 14. '*their love*'; Hanmer, '*our love.*'

IV. ii. 22. '*war*'; Capell, '*death.*'

IV. ii. 26. '*spoil*'; Vaughan, '*steel.*'

IV. iii. 51. '*That ever living man of memory,*' *i.e.* that ever man of living memory. Lettsom, '*man of ever-living.*'

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IV. iv. 16. '*legions*,' Rowe's emendation of Folios '*Regions*.'

IV. iv. 19. '*in advantage lingering*'; Staunton, '*in disadvantage ling'ring*'; Lettsom, '*in disvantage lingering*'; Vaughan, '*disadvantage ling'ring*.' Johnson explains the phrase, "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post"; Malone, "Endeavouring by every means, with advantage to himself, to linger out the action."

IV. iv. 31. '*host*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*hoast*'; Theobald's conjecture (adopted by Hanmer), '*horse*.'

IV. iv. 42. '*rescue: he is*'; Folios 1, 2, '*rescue, he is*'; Folios 3, 4, '*rescue, if he is*'; Rowe (ed. 1), '*rescue, if he's*'; (ed. 2), '*rescue, he's*'; Pope, '*rescue now, he's*.'

IV. v. 39. '*shame*'; Walker, '*sham'd*.'

IV. vi. 44. '*On that advantage*,' so the Folios; Theobald conjectured '*On that bad vantage*,' but subsequently read, '*Out on that vantage*'; Hanmer, '*Oh! what advantage*'; Vaughan, '*Oh hated vantage!*' etc.

IV. vii. 3.

> '*Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity,*
> *Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee*';

the phrase '*smear'd with captivity*' has not been clearly explained; at first sight it is difficult to determine its exact force, and whether the words refer to Death or to the speaker (Talbot). Leo explains that 'Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle field, *smeared* with the *terrible* aspect of captivity'; but possibly the reference is to the Christian belief that Christ took Death captive. Death the Victor is, from this point of view, Death the Victim; it is, as it were, unconsciously smeared (*i.e.* smirched) with the wretched (not the *terrible*) aspect of captivity.

IV. vii. 60. '*But where's*'; so Folios; Rowe, '*Where is*'; Lettsom proposed '*First, where's*.'

IV. vii. 70. '*Henry*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*our King Henry*.' The line is probably to be read:—

> '*Great mareshal to Henery the Sixth*.'

V. i. 17. '*Knit*,' the reading of the Folios; Pope first suggested '*kin*,' which was also adopted by Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson; Capell restored '*knit*,' which was adopted by Steevens and Malone. The Cambridge editions see in '*knit*,' "a conceit suggested by the 'Knot of amity' in the preceding line."

V. i. 21. '*Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!*' Pope reads, '*Marriage, alas! my years are yet too young*'; Capell, '*Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young*'; Walker, '*Marriage, uncle, 'las my years are young*.'

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V. i. 21. '*My years are young*'; "His majesty was, however, twenty-four years old" (Malone).

V. i. 49. '*where inshipp'd*'; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, '*wherein ship'd*'; Folio 3, '*wherein shipp'd.*'

V. iii. 8. '*speedy and quick*'; Pope, '*speedy quick*'; Walker, '*speed and quick.*' '*argues*'; Vaughan, '*urges.*'

V. iii. 10. '*cull'd*'; Collier MS., '*call'd.*'

V. iii. 11. '*regions*'; Folios, '*Regions*'; Warburton, '*legions.*'

V. iii. 48, 49. '*I kiss . . . side*'; Capell and other editors transpose these lines:—'*And lay . . . side. I kiss . . .* [kissing her hand] *. . . peace.*'

V. iii. 57. '*Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings*'; Folios 1, 2, '*prisoner*'; Folios 3, 4, '*prisoners*'; Vaughan, '*prisoned*'; '*her wings,*' Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, '*his wings*'; Folio 2, '*hir wings*'; Vaughan, '*its wings.*'

V. iii. 63. '*Twinkling another counterfeited beam*'; Vaughan, '*Kindling another counterfeited beam*'; or '*Twinkling in other counterfeited beams.*'

V. iii. 68. '*Hast not a tongue? is she not here?*' Anon. conj., '*tongue to speak?*' '*here?*'; Folio 1, '*heere?*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*heere thy prisoner*'; Keightley, '*here alone*'; Lettsom, '*here in place,*' or '*here beside thee*'; Vaughan, '*present here.*'

V. iii. 71. '*makes the senses rough*'; so the Folios; Hanmer, '*makes the senses crouch*'; Capell, '*make . . . crouch*'; Jackson, '*makes the senses touch*'; Collier MS., '*mocks the sense of touch.*'

V. iii. 78, 79. '*She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd,*' etc. These lines were evidently proverbial; *cp. Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 230, and *Titus Andronicus*, II. i. 82, 83.

V. iii. 108. '*Lady*'; Capell, '*Nay, hear me, lady*'; Collier MS., '*Lady, pray tell me*'; Lettsom, '*Lady, sweet lady*'; Dyce, '*I prithee, lady.*'

V. iii. 145. '*And here I will expect thy coming*'; Dyce, '*here, my lord*'; Folio 4, '*coming*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*comming*'; Capell, '*coming, Reignier*'; Collier MS., '*coming down*'; Anon. conj. '*coming, king*'; Anon. conj. '*communing.*'

V. iii. 154. '*country*'; so the Folios; Theobald, '*counties*'; Capell, '*countries*'; Malone, '*county.*'

V. iii. 179. '*modestly*'; Folio 1, '*modestie.*'

V. iii. 192. '*And natural*'; Perring, '*Maid-natural*'; Capell, '*And*'; Folio 1, '*Mad*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Made*'; Pope, '*Her*'; Collier, '*'Mid*'; Jackson conj. '*Man*'; Barry, '*Made*'; Vaughan, '*Mild.*'

V. iv. 37. '*Not me begotten*'; Anon. conj. '*Me, not begotten*'; Malone, '*Not one begotten*'; Anon. conj. '*Not mean-begotten.*'

V. iv. 49. '*No, misconceived!*'; so Steevens; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*No mis-*

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conceived,' Folio 4, '*no, misconceived Joan*'; Capell, '*No, misconceivers*'; Vaughan, '*No, misconceited!*'

V. iv. 121. '*Poison'd*'; Theobald, '*prison'd.*'

V. iv. 150. '*Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?*' "Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right nor power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?" (Johnson).

V. v. 39. '*Yes, my lord*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Yes, my good lord*'; Anon. conj., '*Yes, yes, my lord,*' or '*Why, yes, my lord*'; Dyce, '*O, yes, my lord*'; Vaughan, '*Yes, my lord—more.*'

V. v. 55. '*Marriage*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*But marriage*'; perhaps we should read '*marriage.*'

V. v. 64. '*bringeth,*' the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*bringeth forth*'; perhaps the difficulty of the line is due to the quadri-syllabic nature of the word 'contrary'='cónteráry.'

V. v. 90. '*To cross*'; Walker, '*Across.*'

Joan la Pucelle (I. iv. 101, etc.)
From the painting in the Town Hall of Rouen.

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